The Nation.

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The Week.

In finally screwing up his courage to the point of demanding Alger's resignation, the President has shown that, like the crow in La Fontaine's fable, he has learned something. But Mr. McKinley also resembles Maître Corbeau in having learned it "un peu tard." If Secretary Alger was ever to be removed for demonstrated incompetence and for being the best-hated public man in the country, the thing should have been done a year ago. The proofs of his incapacity were then heaped mountain-high. Reviewing them, even the subservient and whitewashing commission of inquiry was forced to report that the Secretary of War had failed to "grasp the situation." How had he failed? In almost every way in which an executive could fail. He had vacillated like a schoolgirl, issuing orders in the morning only to countermand them in the afternoon. He had established army camps on sites ill-chosen, and filled them with soldiers badly equipped, badly fed, to be killed by the thousand through official negligence. He had flung the army helter-skelter into Tampa, and dumped it down hugger-mugger at Santiago. He had, when warned, after the capitulation, of the danger that yellow fever would carry off half the men, announced that the troops must nevertheless stay in their pit of death, and let the fever "run its course." He had been forced to bring the soldiers home, but exposed them in their own land to such misery from slip-shod contract and shocking neglect that the country rang with denunciation of him. He now goes out by a characteristic McKinley indirection. He is not removed for inefficiency—oh, no; that would look too much like a reflection on his chief for choosing him in the first place, and holding on to him in the face of public clamor. It is only that Mr. Alger has been guilty of a technical and political "indelicacy" in standing for the Michigan Senatorship and accepting the support of an outspoken opponent of McKinley. For that he must resign.

It is announced, on what seems to be good authority, that Alger will give out piecemeal to the press the various items which he thinks constitute his defence. He has begun this operation already, by showing that he was the real author of the plan to send the Spanish prisoners of war back to Spain, and it is said he will show next that if he had had his way, he would have sent a much larger force to the Philippines, and, after that, will demonstrate that the bad war appointments were not his but the President's. Later in the series, it is to be hoped that he will take up the beef contracts, the transportation arrangements, and other features of the war management by his department, and show the country just who was responsible in each instance. The beef question was investigated twice, and a good deal of truth about it was revealed, but little was done with the contracts. The transportation and general-supply questions were never gone into at all, and if Alger will turn the light thoroughly upon them, he will be certain of attracting public attention and saving some trouble to the future historian.

We are rejoiced to hear that the State of Michigan is bursting with indignation over the treatment of Alger by the President. As for Gov. Pingree, he has burst already. He says that Alger is the victim of a "miserable conspiracy," assisted by "an unscrupulous and heartless press," that the "President is responsible for whatever mistakes have been made in conducting the war," and that he has it "on the very best authority that Gen. Alger made very few appointments of officers during the war, and that the commissions were issued almost entirely upon the orders of the President." That is all interesting and to the point, and we hope to see it followed up with a full revelation of all the evidence. Why should not Alger take the field as a Presidential candidate, with the State of Michigan in wrath behind him, and on a platform devoted to telling the truth about the responsibility for the war? That would be of great public service, and we might learn incidentally whether there is any truth in Pingree's assertions that there is a "decided odor of Trusts" about McKinley, and that Mark Hanna is a "king-maker."

Senator Foraker seldom misses an opportunity to "put a knife into the President," and long practice has made him very expert in the business. He comes to the defence of Alger in the Pingree style, speaking of Alger as the victim of hostility to the President, since all the things that he did which have been most severely criticised, as he (Foraker) happens to know, were done "with the approval and by the direction of the President." It will be a mistake, too, Foraker opines, to count upon a cessation of assaults upon the War Department now that Alger has gone, or to infer that they will be confined to Alger's successor; they "will strike higher, and aim directly at the President himself." Foraker "strikes higher" himself, not only as to Alger, but by taking the side of the correspondents at Manila against Gen. Otis, saying: "I have no doubt of the truth of all the correspondents say in their round-robin, and, conceding the truth of their statements; I think it was all right for them to let us know the real facts as to what has been transpiring in the Philippines."

The selection of Mr. Elihu Root for the War Department is unexceptionable, so far as his legal and general qualifications for the place are concerned. It is said to be the President's belief that a lawyer rather than a military man is needed for the position, and from this point of view it would be difficult to find anybody more thoroughly equipped than Mr. Root. He will be a very shrewd and very able adviser, and there ought to be no scandals while he is at the head of the War Department.

It seems to be wholly impossible for the Administration to be frank about the Philippine situation. On Tuesday of last week it announced that it was going to "ignore" the protests of the Manila correspondents altogether. Such things were too trifling for the mighty minds at Washington to consider. Yet on Friday they gave out a statement which shows that they at once cabled Otis for explanations; that his first answer of July 20 was so unsatisfactory that they called for another, and then out of the two, with a sentence taken from another dispatch of Otis's of July 9, patched up a defence of him and themselves. In the very act, they give the lie to their former assertion that they had freely published all of Otis's dispatches except those containing military secrets. Where is the rest of Otis's telegram of July 9? Suppression, evasion, official coloring of the news are evidently not yet abandoned by the Administration. As for Gen. Otis, he is developing unsuspected powers as a humorist. The only fault fairly to be found with his dispatches, he says, is that they have been "too conservative." That is to say, a long line of unfulfilled predictions about Aguinaldo surrendering and peace coming next week, or surely the week after, with the confident and glowing bulletins put out at Washington in consequence, leaves Otis with the sole regret that he had not more positively foretold the thing which has not happened.

The Postmaster at San Francisco has gone into the business of excluding "treasonable" matter from the mails. He found it in the San Francisco *News-Letter*, in the form of a letter signed by

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Mr. J. J. Valentine. It said only about what Senator Hoar said in the Senate, though it called attention in sharp terms to the actual condition of affairs in the Philippine Islands six months after the ratification of the treaty. This was treason, in the judicial mind of Postmaster Montague, and he took the responsibility of keeping the paper out of the mails. But the good man is simply belated. He does not see how the situation is changed since the ridiculous Smith announced that he was going to muzzle everybody who, by differing with him, showed *ipso facto* that he was a traitor. Traitorous publications have multiplied enormously since then. There are the protesting correspondents at Manila, and the returning volunteers, and Mr. Bryan's speeches, and the Hon. Whitelaw Reid's Miami address—all are stuffed with treason and surely have no place in "loyal" mail-bags. Treason has, in fact, grown to such unblushing proportions that the only way to keep it out of the mails is to stop the mails altogether. The only newspaper which can be safely read in Manila is the *Sun*, and even it is able to escape treason-felony only by suppressing the most important news of the day.

Ever since the lynching of the Italians in the jail at New Orleans during the Harrison Administration, wise and thoughtful persons have been apprehensive of fresh trouble arising from similar outrages. In that case the Italian Government made an instant demand for reparation, and the Federal Government was compelled to say it had no authority in the premises. The anomaly existed of a wrong without a remedy, but for which a remedy of some sort must needs be found. Italy at once suspended diplomatic intercourse with us. She did not declare war against us, but she put us in the pillory of the world as a disgraced nation, and she kept us there till an indemnity was paid out of the Federal Treasury to the relatives of the murdered men. Diplomatic relations were then resumed, but nobody was punished for the lynching, and the stigma was never removed from our escutcheon. Now we have news of a fresh one if not a worse one. Five Italians were lynched at Tallulah, Louisiana, on Friday. It is needless to inquire whether there was much or little provocation for the act. The courts were in running order, and any crime committed at Tallulah by Italians or anybody else could have been punished in due course. Nor was there any reason to apprehend that justice would be defeated by a jury trial. The case bears no analogy whatever to that of the killing of the Hungarian coal-miners, who were participating in a riot and were shot down by the sheriff's posse. In that case the Austrian Government demanded an indemnity for the relatives of the victims, but it was justly refused because it was proved in a fair trial that the men who were killed were committing an unlawful act. In the present case there is absolutely no defence.

In the days when the Democratic party had some principles, and had not driven from it all men of ability and character, it was wont to regard with pride Mr. Eckels, who was Comptroller of the Currency during President Cleveland's second term. Mr. Eckels was driven outside the breastworks by Bryan's nomination, and he expects to be kept outside by Bryan's renomination next year. He draws a picture of the Democratic party and its prospects which is as truthful as it is dismal. He says it will be found on investigation that, from national politics down to local, no one is taking an interest in Democratic affairs who is getting a living outside politics; that the struggle which the party is now making seems to have for its object the driving away of all who own property, no matter whether the amount be large or small; that Bryan's renomination, on this basis, seems to be inevitable a year hence, with the same result as in 1896, but more disastrous to the party, and that "until there is an open repudiation of the spirit, motive, and intention of the Chicago platform, and a complete change of leadership, national, State, and local, the Republican party, no matter how many blunders it may make or how indifferent it may prove to its announced and reannounced pledges, will win in national elections." This is the view of most observers, both Democratic and Republican, and it makes the course of the Democratic leaders in going blindly ahead with Bryan's renomination the most fatuous spectacle ever witnessed in our politics. There seems to be scarcely a man among them who is capable of seeing even the vaguest outlines of the wall at which the party is rushing headlong.

How reckless threats of war can be made part of the political game, Americans perceive very clearly in the case of the tall talk of Sir Charles Tupper and Sir Wilfrid Laurier at Ottawa. We smile to see the Tory leader urging the Liberal Premier on to greater truculence in his dispute with the United States. Sir Charles's little game we see into perfectly. He is giving Sir Wilfrid a "dare"; intimating that the Conservatives would be much more stern and defiant in upholding the national dignity than the Liberals are; hypocritically offering the Government hearty and united support if it would only go ahead and do something rash and warlike. We get a good deal of cynical amusement out of this Canadian by-play, call it political manœuvring, and scoff at the possibility of anything serious resulting. Of course, our own politicians are never guilty of thus trifling with national interests. The Republicans were quite sincere in egging on President Cleveland to a course which they thought he would never dare pursue, and were really delighted, as they professed to be, and not chagrined and frightened, when his Venezuelan message took their breath away. So Democrats, who were in a frenzy for a war with Spain as long as they believed President McKinley could not be driven into one, were real patriots, not mere politicians like Sir Charles Tupper, and therefore had no disappointment to swallow when the war actually came and turned out to be "a Republican war," as Grosvenor triumphantly called it. Our withers are unwrung, but the Canadians—how wicked it is for them to indulge in loose talk of war for party purposes!

The Shayne baggage act seems to have a hole in it large enough to pass a whole wagonful of Saratoga trunks. The discovery of it is due to the astuteness of Mr. Lauterbach, whose high authority and standing as a Republican politician does not disable him as an attorney at law and as an attorney in fact for Mrs. Phyllis Dodge. Mrs. Dodge's jewelry, worth something like $40,000, was seized by the customs officers a few weeks ago as she was leaving the steamer on which she had arrived at this port. The announcement was made at the time of the seizure that the Treasury officials had received information of intended smuggling by Mrs. Dodge from a spy who had travelled on the same ship with her. It was generally assumed, therefore, that she was guilty and entitled to no sympathy or consideration. It turned out, however, that a large part of the jewelry had been purchased in this country before Mrs. Dodge went abroad, and that she had legal proof of the fact. As to the part not purchased here or for which any proof was lacking, it was commonly supposed that the Government would declare it forfeited, and, perhaps, subject Mrs. Dodge to a fine in addition. But Mr. Lauterbach has discovered that the Shayne act applies only to articles purchased abroad by residents of the United States returning to this country, *i. e.*, purchased by the same persons who bring them in. If they are the gift of some other person; or if they have been purchased by some other person than the one bringing them in, and if they are articles of wearing apparel or personal adornment, they are not included in the terms of the law. If Mrs. Dodge's foreign jewelry comes within this category, it cannot be confiscated. That is not the worst of it, in the estimation of the customs officials. The worst is that the discovery of this hole in the act will get noised abroad among tourists in Europe, who will adopt the plan of buying wear-

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ing apparel and articles of personal adornment for each other, and thus bring it in free of duty in defiance of the $100 limit and in derision of Shayne.

The special counsel on the New York canal frauds, Messrs. Fox and MacFarlane, after a very careful and thorough examination of the facts in the case, conclude that it would be useless to undertake the criminal prosecution of anybody connected with the canal expenditure, since there would be little or no hope of securing a conviction in any instance. First, the law bestows upon the Superintendent of Public Works and upon the State Engineer and his assistant engineers such large discretionary powers that, no matter how extravagant and wasteful they may have been in the uses they made of the $9,000,000 appropriation, they kept within the terms of the law, and are not, therefore, liable to criminal prosecution. Second, under the statute of limitations, no person charged with a misdemeanor can be prosecuted except within two years after the crime is committed. All the heaviest contracts, and those which caused the largest amount of scandal, were let in the fall of 1896 and in the winter and spring of 1897; and whatever criminal conduct Aldridge or Adams or anybody else may have been guilty of in regard to them, they could not enter into the special counsel's inquiry, for the statute of limitations freed everybody implicated from the possibility of criminal prosecution.

There is one very significant incident connected with the question of "discretionary powers" under which Aldridge and Adams carried on their operations. The law which authorized the $9,000,000 expenditure, and which the people approved of at the polls, provided for bids on the gross-sum principle; and under this, the special counsel say, "many of the abuses which attended performance could hardly have arisen." In May, 1896, the Legislature was induced to pass an amendatory act, by which the estimated-quantity system was substituted for the gross-sum plan. "By this change," say the special counsel, "the discretionary powers of the engineers were greatly increased. The acts which have been most severely criticised will be found to be exercises of these discretionary powers." Who instigated this change? Did Aldridge and Adams discover that they needed it to legalize their operations? Who else could have had the foresight to see that they might need protection of this kind some day? The report of the special counsel, which is an admirable piece of work in every respect, shows with great clearness that without the protection of this amendatory act, and without the protection of the statute of limitations, Aldridge and Adams could not have escaped trial, at least, for their operations.

Justice Beekman of the Supreme Court has administered to Mr. Croker's agents in our municipal government the most painful lesson they have yet been forced to receive in regard to the unrelenting cruelty of the civil-service law. His decision granting a peremptory writ of mandamus for the reinstatement of a driver in the Fire Department whom Commissioner Scannell had removed illegally, sweeps away almost the last hope that the Tammany authorities had of getting around the law in any particular. It will compel, if it stands, the reinstatement of about 300 employees who have been removed by Tammany heads of departments, and will compel also many of their new appointees to submit to the terrors of competitive examinations, with the well-nigh certain outcome of failure therein. Even Mr. Croker's nephew, whom Mr. Scannell has made Chief of the Fire Department without the formality of a competitive examination, may find that he will have to pass such an examination in order to retain possession of his place. This principle of central supervision and control, through the State Commission, has been firmly established by the law of 1899. The only question at issue is whether or not, during certain periods, Tammany officials had the power to violate the spirit of the Constitution and do as they pleased with appointments and promotions. All decisions thus far obtained from the courts have been against Tammany, and if the general spirit of this one by Justice Beekman controls all subsequent ones, Tammany will take no pleasure in them. As for its course henceforward, it is hopelessly at the mercy of the State Commission, thanks to the fatuous conduct of Mayor Van Wyck.

The obituary notices of Col. Ingersoll dwell on the abatement, during his later years, of the bitterness both of his assaults upon the churches and of their attacks upon him. This was partly one of the natural results of familiarity. His lectures got to be an old story. It was "only Ingersoll," church people got into the way of saying, indifferently. As he became less of a sensation, he therefore became less of an offence and terror. But we presume the main reason of his comparative ignoring for the past ten years or so is that he was really fighting windmills. The beliefs which he so vehemently attacked had, among enlightened church-members, ceased to be held or, at least, to be preached. Thus people felt that it was a caricature of Christianity, and not the real thing, which he was assailing. His guns were all pointed astern. So far as we are aware, he never showed the least comprehension of the really critical investigations of scholars, which are so profoundly modifying Christian theology, but went slashing away, in his rough, gladiator fashion, at "the mistakes of Moses," and other men of straw. If he had been forced in the arena of discussion, as he would have been in a court of law, to join issue and speak to the vital points, the larger part of his somewhat lurid lectures would have been ruled out as irrelevant.

For professed leaders among the nations in all that relates to humane sentiment, England and the United States cut a strange figure in some of the votes at The Hague. They two alone stood out against all the other countries in defence of the explosive or, rather, expansive bullet. To find even Montenegro, even Siam, even Turkey voting against the Dum-Dum and similar bullets, on the ground that they cause cruel wounds, and should, therefore, be prohibited, while the English and American delegates shamefacedly said they were instructed by their governments to persist in advocating the use of such discredited missiles, makes one see "the alliance" in strange light. The worst of it is that a flavor of hypocrisy pervaded the arguments of the Anglo-American representatives. They did not come out squarely and say that they were not in favor of making war "humane." That position would be intelligible. But to profess a superior humanity, and then to resist the attempt to remove one barbarity from warfare, does not look well. Sir John Ardagh, for Great Britain, vowed that the Dum-Dum would be used only against savages, but who is to decide what enemy is savage? By shipping expansive bullets to South Africa, the English Government has apparently decided that the Boers are savages.

Candid Japanese are admitting that the glorious war of their country with China is proving a good deal of a disappointment in the sequel. On the financial side, Japan is certainly worse off than before the war. Her total indemnity is already spent on increased armament, and a large loan in addition has been placed abroad in order to carry out the ambitious military plans conceived in the intoxication of victory. All this means increased taxation and crippled industries. In fact, several Japanese commercial undertakings have fallen into such embarrassment that the Government has had to give them temporary assistance in order to prevent a financial crisis. The only other visible result of the war—Formosa—is almost as much of a white elephant on Japan's hands as the Philippines are on ours. As for having anything to say on the mainland, or taking any part in the partition of China, Japan sees herself as much shut out as if she had never sunk a Chinese ship or stormed a fortress.

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MR. BRYAN AT CHICAGO.

The meeting of the Democratic national committee at Chicago, and the various side-shows connected with it, indicate pretty conclusively that Mr. Bryan is to be the next nominee of his party for President, and also that, when the time comes for making a platform, he can make it to suit himself. He directed the course of procedure both at the regular committee meeting and at the bimetallic side-show and at the Altgeld side-show. He was enabled to do so by virtue of the fact that the Democratic masses are with him and for him. The politicians perceive this fact, and they desire to please the coming man. They hasten to consult his wishes and to make smooth his path within the party limits. The party is as much a Bryan party to-day as it was a Douglas party in the sixties, and even more so, since there was a powerful Southern rebellion again Douglas, whereas South Carolina and Texas are as strongly for Bryan now as any Northern or Western State can be. It does not follow that Mr. Bryan will be elected if nominated, but there is something to be said in favor of nominating the man who can best draw out the vote of his own party. Yet there have been conspicuous instances of failure where this rule was observed, as in the cases of James G. Blaine, of Henry Clay, and of Stephen A. Douglas. These men were as popular, as irresistible, in their respective parties as Mr. Bryan is to-day in his, yet they all fell short of an election when the supreme test came.

Mr. Bryan's speech at the Altgeld meeting was a demagogical performance of the sort that we have been accustomed to expect from him—extremely disgusting in some parts, yet not without considerable cunning and not without effectiveness. In saying that English financiers have forced the gold standard upon this country by controlling, through the Republican party, the financial policy of the United States, he exposes himself as a falsifier. How can anybody have the hardihood at this late day to parrot this ancient untruth? It is impossible to suppose that Mr. Bryan believes any such thing. Yet he offers it as suited to the maw of the Populists whose votes he desires to hold in the next campaign. When he says "the failure of the Wolcott Commission to secure international bimetallism proves that bimetallism can be secured only through independent action," he wishes to be understood as meaning that he is still in favor of such independent action, but he does not say so. He leaves himself the opportunity to put the silver issue in the background next year if it shall then seem expedient to do so—as most likely it will.

On the subject of Trusts he advances four propositions which are extremely vague, since they do not point the way to a remedy for any evils which Trusts may be responsible for. He begins by saying that "the Trust is a menace to the welfare of the people of the United States, because it creates a monopoly and gives to the few in control of the monopoly almost unlimited power over the lives and happiness of consumers, employees, and producers of raw material." Yet he can think of nothing but prosecutions at law as a means of combating these monopolies, although by far the greatest number of them are protected by the tariff and enabled by it to exercise the power over consumers, employees, and producers of raw materials which he laments. Upon this notorious fact, trumpeted through the press as it has been recently, he has nothing to say, although the Democratic party is committed over and over against this kind of protection, and Mr. Bryan himself is committed against it with ten-fold vigor in his Congressional speeches.

On the subject of Imperialism and the war in the Philippines Mr. Bryan held more decided language than he has allowed himself in any other published speech. This is a really hopeful sign, because Mr. Bryan goes about the country gathering public opinion. He samples every audience that he comes to. He finds out what they want him to say, and then he says it. Immediately after his retirement from the army he began to talk about the policy of expansion in a very gingerly way, indicating that he considered it a doubtful experiment. His doubts gradually grew to unbelief. Where he had at first hesitated, he began to "view with alarm," and now he has reached the conclusion that the war against the Filipinos is an assault on human liberty and a violation of the Declaration of Independence. He now stands with Senator Hoar and the Anti-Imperialist League, and he is in a position where he can do much more effective service than they, because he can carry a party with him, while they cannot. After his declarations at Chicago it is impossible for the Democratic party to nominate him without committing itself to the anti-Imperialist policy. The five points which he lays down are absolutely sound and true, and the fifth one of the series is sufficient to make a whole platform in itself.

EXPANSION AS AN ISSUE.

It is clear that "expansion" will be a leading issue in the next Presidential campaign. President McKinley has committed his party to that policy, and if, as seems probable, he is again to be at the head of the Republican ticket, his exposition of Republican principles will have to be defended and endorsed. In view of all the discussions and experience of the last year and a half, it is interesting to consider what kind of argument, for electioneering purposes, the Republicans are likely to make out.

One point, pretty certain to be dwelt upon, is that expansion is in no way inconsistent with the history and tenets of the party, or out of harmony with the things for which Republicanism is supposed to stand. We shall be told that the Republican party has always been in spirit and temper a party of expansion; that it has always had an "affirmative policy," and has never rested upon "mere negations"; that it has "boldly faced" great difficulties and dangers, and "manfully assumed" grave responsibilities; and that it "has not yet failed" to find the best way out of the most untried situations. Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines, indeed, were not sought by us. We wrestled in prayer night and day that the burden of their assimilation might not be laid upon us; but an inscrutable Providence—ever in league with Republicans—willed otherwise, and the party could not be false to the trust devolved upon it. In other words, the party is to be represented to the voters as doing its best in a situation which it took every pains to avoid, but which, the more the significance of affairs is revealed, is seen to involve no fundamental divergence from Republican tradition and policy.

This line of argument, already taken up by the stalwart Republican press, will unquestionably hold a large place in the next campaign. There are some rather serious difficulties about it, however, as a campaign issue, to which the information-for-voters bureau of the party ought to give heed. The Republicans cannot assume responsibility for expansion as a theory, and yet dodge responsibility for the steps by which the present situation has been brought about, or by which the theory is being put into practice. They must, for example, explain the action of President McKinley in yielding to the clamor of some bellicose Congressmen, and "going in" for war, when diplomacy had placed a peaceable solution of the difficulty with Spain almost in his hands. They must explain the retention of Secretary Alger at the head of a department peculiarly important in an "expanding" country. They must explain why, with the good McKinley beseeching Heaven to save us from expansion, the United States insisted upon the cession of the Philippines. They must explain the failure to come to terms with the Filipinos, and thereby avert the horrors of war. On each of these points there is earnest need of some clear-cut and satisfying statement. The voters are in no mood to be put off with generalities, and the explanation can hardly come too soon or be couched in too precise and definite terms.

There are other troublesome questions, too, which even some good Republicans venture to think important. Since the Republican party is fully committed to expansion, and since one of its peculiar

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historical glories is its "affirmative policy," there will be much anxiety to know its proposed scheme, in case it is returned to power, of dealing with our new possessions. How, for example, are the latter to be governed? Are they to be colonies, or dependencies, or tributary states? Will their inhabitants enjoy the privileges and immunities set forth in our ancient and time-honored Constitution? Are we to tax their people in our discretion, or tax ourselves for their benefit? How about "grants in aid," and the other financial accompaniments of imperial rule? Then there is the civil service. The Republicans will be in duty bound to explain how it is that, with their own traditional adherence to reform, and with the patent necessity of keeping the local administration of the colonies in clean hands, a Republican Administration nevertheless does its best to dig the core out of the civil service at home, and secretly tears to pieces what years of earnest effort have put together.

In the third place we are certain to be told that expansion means great things for American trade. The languishing industry of the country is to be profoundly stimulated by the acquisition of Hawaii, Porto Rico, and the Philippines. Moreover, the partition of China is a matter of but short time; and if we can plant ourselves on the doorsteps or in the front walk, we shall be favorably situated to elbow our way in when the door falls back. Higher yet, we shall replace barbarism with civilization, and spread among the heathen peace, prosperity, and religion. Lastly, we are a great nation, unable longer to live in isolation, but destined to play a large part on the world's stage; and if a few islands come in our way, it is meet, right, and our bounden duty to take them in, as befits a nation with a Destiny. We are sure that a great deal will be made of this in the next campaign, for it gives opportunity for a deal of rhetoric, and enables even a commonplace orator to end his speech with a brilliant outburst of flame and smoke.

These are some of the things which the next Republican confession of faith will have to affirm or defend, and which will be relied upon to establish the friends and confound the enemies of the party. Yet we fear that the acceptance of the new creed will be, for many heretofore strong in the faith, a matter of great difficulty, for the expansion argument, in whatever form presented, rests, not upon facts, nor yet upon demonstrable propositions, but simply upon sordid hopes and desires. No single fact—economic, political, or social—in our national life suggests, even remotely, that we need to "expand." What the advocates of the policy mean is simply that we ought to be big. Republican success with the expansion issue, then, will depend upon ability to cajole the voters by pictures of a hypothetical future mainly characterized by bigness. Furthermore, the way in which the Administration has gone about the business is, of itself, enough to condemn it. No Republican administration, bent upon making itself "solid" with the party, has so ignored the people and catered to the machine, or so disregarded the opinions and outraged the moral sense of its ablest adherents, or made weakness, secrecy, vacillation, and deceit so thoroughly its instruments, as has the administration of President McKinley. If the Republican managers have any arguments in store by which to commend their course to the people of the United States, we feel sure that they cannot too soon produce them; for if the party conduct of affairs during the past two years is a fair sample of what may be expected when expansion has the field, verily the Philistines are upon us.

CIVIL-SERVICE REFORM TO THE FRONT.

The debauch of the civil service by the McKinley Administration is likely to have one result which the conspirators may not, perhaps, have foreseen. It is pretty certain to make civil-service reform a vital issue in the coming Presidential election. The issue, of course, is in no way a new one. The subject of civil-service reform has been before the country for a generation, and the volume of discussion attending it has been, from the first, very considerable. Innumerable reports, speeches, and periodical articles have explained or criticised the veriest details of its practical workings. The political importance of the subject, too, has steadily grown. Framers of party platforms, both State and national, have more and more felt the necessity of asserting the party belief in the merit system and the purpose to uphold it. Of the two great parties, indeed, the Republicans have claimed especial credit for the inception and growth of the whole scheme, and have thus far been most constant in their professed adherence to the principle of reform; but the Democrats have not found open opposition expedient, and some of the greatest advances have, as a matter of fact, been made under a Democratic Administration. Practically, all parties, so far as their public declarations go, are committed to the support and extension of the system. Only a few recalcitrant individuals now dare publicly oppose it.

Yet the reform of the civil service has hardly been an issue of the first importance, especially in national campaigns. As compared with the tariff or the currency, for example, it has occupied a secondary place. More or less an issue in every campaign, no election has yet turned upon it. The reasons for this are, we think, fairly obvious. To begin with, the question admits of no such elaborate discussion, and affords ground for no such fundamental difference of opinion, as do some of the matters which have been in the forefront of public interest during the past few years. As between a tariff for revenue and a tariff for protection, there is, theoretically speaking, something to be said. The advocates of free silver have succeeded in making out an argument to which, specious and unsound as it was, thinking men thought well to give heed. But to elaborate an argument for or against the merit system of appointments and removals is a bit difficult. That the administrative work of the government should be done by those who can do it best, seems like a self-evident proposition; that ability should be ascertained by competitive examination, and tenure of office depend upon good behavior, are indisputable business propositions. To argue one or question another is like trying to convince a man that his clerks ought to be honest, or that frequent changes of personnel militate against experience and skill.

In the second place, the civil administration of government is not a subject on which it is easy to arouse general enthusiasm; and without enthusiasm there is no commanding issue. The average citizen admits that clerical and statutory duties can be as well performed by a Democrat as by a Republican, but, beyond this, his interest is not keen. Whether the accounts are correctly kept or not, whether appropriations are honestly spent or Government supplies of proper quality, and a hundred similar matters, are subjects in regard to which he knows little, and with which he feels only a languid concern. Save, perhaps, for the post-office, official machinery is remote from daily life. So we get the habit of mind familiar to civil-service reformers, and one of the greatest obstacles to their success—a cheerful assent to the merit system as a political proposition, joined to a high degree of indifference to the practical operation of it.

We are inclined to think that the action of President McKinley and his Secretary of the Treasury will be found to have given the shock to the moral sense of the community needed to arouse the voters from their good-natured indifference. In the judgment of people with consciences, these leaders have not only failed to do what they and their party were pledged to do, but they have gone further, and systematically undermined the purity and integrity of the public service, in the interest of personal and party control. They have so acted, moreover, notwithstanding repeated protestations of innocence and virtue, and solemn asseverations that their course was in no way opposed to the civil-service law. The appeal to the law, indeed, is particularly unfortunate; for not only has it been shown to be unfounded in fact, but it has also made a bad im-

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pression upon those sincere people who think that such a law as that for the establishment of the merit system ought to be administered with regard to its spirit, and not construed with the technical ingenuity applied to a criminal statute. When a high functionary protests, in some matter of moral principle, that his action is "within the law," the public always suspects fraud; and the fraud, in the present case, is plain beyond any possibility of doubt.

Whatever the situation may have been in the past, then, discussion of civil-service reform can no longer be merely academic, or confined to general principles or isolated illustrations. The issue before the people of the United States, from now on, is simply this: Shall the public service be administered in conformity to law, and with the single object of securing honesty and efficiency in the conduct of affairs? Or shall it be administered in contemptuous disregard of law, by men who have no regard for their word, who secretly break promises and oaths, and then, as the Republicans of Ohio and Kentucky have done, boast of their action in the face of the public? This is the issue which the administration of President McKinley has raised; and it is largely upon this issue that the Republican party, in the next struggle for national supremacy, will stand or fall.

THE NEW FRENCH CABINET.

PARIS, July 11, 1899.

The instability of cabinets is one of the chief reproaches that have been made against the present Constitution of the French Republic. It is one of the arguments employed by the now very numerous party who have fomented an agitation for a revision of the Constitution. This instability has an obvious consequence, namely, the difficulty of carrying-it out a fixed policy in diplomatic, commercial, or economical concerns. The continuity which is required in many matters is wanting; bills are presented to Parliament, studied and discussed in part, and abandoned in consequence of a ministerial change. It is surely a matter of regret that the project of forming a colonial army composed of other elements than the ordinary army—a project which is felt to be necessary—has not yet, after so many years, been embodied in a definitive law.

But the instability of cabinets has other consequences not so obvious at a glance. Every ministerial change creates a new army of malcontents. Those who are hurled from office and their friends look upon those who take office with eyes of envy and with sentiments of revenge. All the chiefs of cabinets have a certain number of satellites, who remain faithful to them after their fall, in the hope of getting office again in the future. The Parliament, after a certain number of ministerial changes, is thus converted into a number of sets (we call them groups), more or less hostile, more or less friendly, to each other. Individual considerations become dominant over general considerations; the struggle for life takes the form of the struggle for office. These groups form coalitions with a view to upsetting a cabinet; the new cabinets are the result of what we call concentrations—that is to say, new coalitions. Parliament is like a sky in which the constellations change their places and their shapes.

Of the numerous cabinets of concentration which have been constructed during the past ten years, none has taken the public so much by surprise as that recently got together, after the fall of M. Dupuy, by M. Waldeck-Rousseau. The two most important members of the new Cabinet are, after M. Waldeck-Rousseau, General de Galliffet, the Minister of War, and M. Millerand. I shall say little of General de Galliffet, his military career being well known. He rose from the ranks to the highest position in the army by his personal bravery, and, I will add, by his strenuous efforts, after the unhappy war of 1870, for the reorganization and greater efficacy of the army, and chiefly of its cavalry. His charges at Sedan, under the eye of the German Emperor, have become as legendary as the famous charge of Lord Cardigan and the Three Hundred. General de Galliffet had been on the reserve list for two years, and was chosen Minister of War in the new cabinet for two reasons only: the first was, that, having had Colonel Picquart on his staff for several years, he came forward and testified in his favor at the time when Picquart fell into disgrace on account of the part he had played in the Dreyfus affair; the second reason was, that General de Galliffet is known as a stern disciplinarian, and the Republicans, who had become alarmed by symptoms of discontent in the army, expect to find in the General the man who will maintain a strict discipline in all ranks of the army, and will enforce rigorously the verdict of the council of war at Rennes, whatever this verdict may be. General de Galliffet has never uttered an opinion on the Dreyfus affair; he has simply given impartial testimony in favor of Colonel Picquart, who, in the capacity of chief of the secret service at the Ministry of War, was the first to endeavor to obtain a revision of the trial of Dreyfus.

It is certainly a matter of astonishment for Gen. de Galliffet to find himself at the Cabinet table between M. Waldeck-Rousseau and M. Millerand, who have been in standing opposition to each other, not only in Parliament, but at the bar—for they are both lawyers. M. Waldeck-Rousseau is one of the most prominent and successful lawyers of the court of Paris; his name has been connected with some of the most notorious cases of recent years; he has been the counsel of a Dreyfus (not the present Dreyfus) who had some difficulties with the Government of Chili about a guano contract, of the famous Eiffel (of the Tower, but also, alas! of Panama), and of many financiers of more or less repute. He seemed to have almost abandoned politics for the bar. In politics he belonged to the school of Jules Ferry. He has always been a Republican, but a Republican with a conservative tinge and without any admixture of Socialistic ideas.

M. Millerand is essentially a Socialist, and in his person Socialism finds, for the first time, a place in the Government of the country. This is explained by the partisans of the new Cabinet as a transient phenomenon: they thought it necessary, by giving a place to M. Millerand, to get the votes of the Socialist group in the Chamber which follows his lead. M. Waldeck-Rousseau needed a majority, chiefly with a view to putting an end to the Dreyfus affair, which weighs on the country like a nightmare. It is the first time in my recollection that a cabinet comes before the Chamber without any programme, any platform, merely with the object of keeping order in the country during a judicial debate. The more or less conservative Republicans indulge the hope that, the Dreyfus case once settled, and settled for ever, they will say good-bye to M. Millerand and *debark* him, to use a favorite expression of our politicians.

The choice for M. Waldeck-Rousseau lay between the voters of the Millerand group and those of the Right. He preferred the first to the second alliance, and the only possible inference from this is that he feared that the Right was not sufficiently in sympathy with the cause of Dreyfus, which he himself has espoused from the first. Such considerations, however, can hardly be openly invoked, as it would be very unbecoming, as well as very dangerous, for the chief of the Cabinet to admit that anything can affect the verdict of the council of war at Rennes except the testimony to be given before it. It has been the misfortune of the Dreyfus affair that it has created an inextricable confusion between powers which should always have their separate domain. The old maxims of Montesquieu have been forgotten; the executive power, the legislative power, the judicial power have not been kept within their proper limits. Even now, when a sort of final attempt is made for the conclusion and termination of the affair, the Cabinet has allowed itself to be suspected of being Dreyfusard; all its acts receive an interpretation which, directly or indirectly, has some bearing on the *affaire*. The new Minister of War, however, before he came into office, wrote a letter (April 15, 1899) which shows that he does not intend to give further development to the affair. This letter deserves to be translated, as Gen. de Galliffet is now the head of the army:

"Dreyfus in Devil's Island, Picquart prosecuted, Esterhazy in flight, Henry dead, Du Paty de Clam threatened with a council of war—are there not enough victims, innocent or guilty? Nevertheless, the enemies of the army, not yet satisfied, demand for the satisfaction of their hatred all the officers, general or other, who have more or less been mixed up in the disastrous affair. Would it not be better to preserve silence? Would it not be wiser, more generous, and at the same time more patriotic, not to incriminate incessantly officers whom no tribunal will think of calling to account? The army knows them; it will admit that they may have been deceived, but it knows them to be men of honor and incapable of committing a bad action.

"To its electors, the Government, I am told, has promised punishments. I respectfully advise it to renounce them, because nobody will believe that it has become firmer for having once shown itself too severe. In the interest of the country and of the army, and in order to the pacification of the public mind, I wish that this appeal might be heard. The man who gives it has taken no sides in the affair, and thinks that he loves France more and better than those who every day throw discredit on this army."

The General who wrote this letter and gave this advice to the Government, is now himself in the Government. On taking the Ministry of War, he has made some changes in the army, but so far these changes have not assumed the character of persecution

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or positive punishment. Some general officers and colonels who had written communications to the press, or made public speeches or orders of the day, having a political character, have been sent to other garrisons; but the Minister of War has adopted no other measures. He has severely shown his firm intention not to allow any member of the army to take any public part in any political question.

So far, M. Millerand, the Socialist member of the Cabinet, has not been allowed to influence its decisions in any important degree. The fact of his giving a sort of status in the Government to pure and unmitigated Socialism is, however, of undeniable importance. The Chambers are now not in session, and it will be only a few months hence, and after the new trial of Dreyfus, that M. Millerand will probably attempt to present bills to Parliament to satisfy his own party, or rather his own group.

THE UNDERGROUND FORUM.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., June 29, 1899.

The work begun so auspiciously some months ago in the Roman Forum has provided continually increasing interest during the months that have passed since my last account of it. Literally, from one end to the other of the space dug over by previous excavators, things not only new but of permanent value to scholars have been brought to light. Inscriptions, vases, fragments of sculpture and architecture have all given a quota to the total result.

In front of the temple of Antoninus and Faustina the earth has been cleared away to a depth of four feet, and the brick core of four more steps of the temple is now visible. This core is of two parts, each originally supporting two marble steps. Directly opposite and on the other side of the Via Sacra, the clearing process has revealed to us three steps, nine inches in height but of unequal width, that descended from the Regia to the road. Signor Boni has long desired to determine the upper reach of the Sacred Way, and, assisted by the discovery of these steps and by that of a sewer below the road where it runs between the Temple and Regia, his efforts have terminated in success. The sewer is a large arched passage stretching its long-drawn curves, of well-built *opus reticulatum*, from the northeast westwards. Along the pebbly bed flows a small brook. It is evidently one of the original water courses of the Forum walled in and turned to serve the uses of man. The view along the mossy walls, flecked here and there with sunlight shot through the openings in the road above, with the little brook flowing just where it flowed two thousand years ago, is really very pretty.

It was natural to suppose that this sewer followed the original lines of the road, and on this hypothesis Signor Boni set to work digging on the south side of the Basilica of Constantine, and there, some six feet below the surface, found a fine pavement of carefully jointed polygonal blocks, similar to the bit by the temple of Saturn. This is unquestionably the ancient pavement of the Sacred Way. It will not be hard to continue this line of exploration and ascertain the course of the Way toward the east.

In this region another monument that has assumed a very different aspect from of old is the Arch of Fabius. The well-known pieces, discovered several years ago, lay heaped carelessly together. They have been joined with others lately found, and now, with only one or two voussoirs missing, the arch lies in orderly and intelligible fashion on the ground. Neither the side piers nor the basement have been found, so that reërection is out of the question, but the spread of the arch can be measured with an accuracy sufficient for all practical purposes. It turns out to be larger than was imagined by those who up to this time have written on the subject. Though the exact spot where the arch stood has not been determined, its position was probably close to the roughly built brick chamber nearly opposite the Temple of Romulus. One reason for thinking this to be the spot is, that most of the remaining portions of the arch were found here. Another reason is, that the eastern wall of the brick chamber just mentioned is constructed in part of the remains of the wall of an earlier structure, in which are still visible two narrow openings, like loopholes, which suggest that this was originally a guard-house. It is possible that these seeming loopholes are only windows, but it seems unlikely that in this part of the Forum there could have been any building other than one of distinctly public use.

After the work on the Vesta Temple was completed, both topographic and historic reasons pointed to the Regia as the next building to demand the explorer's attention. First, between the two buildings a system of hypocausts, at present unaccounted for, was found and cleaned up. Then the foundations of the northern wall of the temenos of the Vesta Temple were laid bare, as well as those of the walls of the Regia. Several early drains built by laying flat slabs of tufa on low perpendicular side pieces (like the drain near the top of the Scala Caci on the Palatine) were met with during the work, but no small objects of value were found. Two interesting wells were discovered and cleared. One of these, about three feet in diameter, is near the southeast corner of the Regia. Through some misunderstanding, this has unfortunately been identified in the London *Times* and elsewhere as the Puteal Libonis. This it can hardly be, for it is a simple well, whereas the Puteal Libonis was no well at all, but a monument similar to a well-kerb set over a spot struck by lightning. Students must take note, too, that the description in the *Times* of the details of this well is quite inaccurate. It has no mouldings of any sort, and the *pedaroli* of which the writer speaks are not architectural members of any sort, but merely small holes cut in the sides of the well to give support to the hands and feet of a person who had occasion to descend the well. They are to a well what the rungs are to a ladder. Among the rubbish that choked up the well were great quantities of broken pottery and stone weights, together with one or two small altar-like objects of terracotta. The latter were prettily moulded with decorative and figure subjects, and were of late date. The pottery was, in the main, of a ware similar to the fine glazed bowls ornamented with impressions of seals or coins that come from Capua. A few skulls of the *mustela*, the animal which played the part of the modern cat in the Roman household, were also brought up from the well. The second well is near the front of the Regia, and had not been entirely cleared when I left Rome two weeks ago. This second well differed from the first in not having *pedaroli*. Close beside it is a cistern which, from the point of view of construction, more than makes up for the ordinary quality of the well. It is dome-shaped, about ten feet in diameter, and built of two shells constructed in the common way of overlapping (but not arched) stones. The inner shell was covered on the inside with stucco, while the foot or more of space between the two shells was filled with clay.

So far as the Regia itself is concerned, nothing new of much importance has been learned. In front of it, however, the lower part of what appears to be a piece of the core of the foundations of the Temple of Cæsar has been cleared. If this is what it seems, it will show that the temple was in plan much deeper than has heretofore been supposed. In addition, several bits of pilasters, cornice, and casettes of this temple have been added to our previous store of such fragments.

Between this Temple of Cæsar and that of Castor and Pollux stood the Arch of Augustus, of which only the lower courses of the foundation stones could formerly be seen. Superimposed on these now stand several of the lower blocks of the arch itself, which have been brought back to their original site from the various corners of the Forum to which they had been, in some inexplicable manner, scattered. As yet there are not very many of them, but what there are will be sufficient to give, to the uninitiated at least, a very different idea of the arch from any which they have been able to form before this time.

It will be remembered that on the northern side of the Temple of Cæsar and west of the Temple of Antoninus, probably about opposite the Temple of Castor and Pollux, stood the Basilica Æmilia. The desire that archæologists have long had that this spot might be excavated is at last being satisfied. For this our thanks are due to an Englishman, from South Africa, I believe, Mr. Phillips. Happening to visit Rome this last spring, he became interested in the work that was then in progress, and heard of the difficulties to be overcome before the site could be excavated, chiefly owing to the existence of a block of squalid dwellings standing on the spot to be cleared. These were held at so high a price that the Government did not consider itself justified in buying them. To an Anglo-Saxon accustomed to make the earth give up her secrets, this obstacle seemed of little moment, and Mr. Phillips sent to the Government an offer of a certain sum to head a subscription to buy the houses. The ministry were unprepared for this turn of affairs. Special meetings were held, and finally the offer, which had meanwhile been considerably increased, was refused on the ground that the acceptance of it would be compromising to the dignity of the Government. Mr. Phillips, however, had made up his mind to see the work done in one way or another, and so he bought the whole site for (it is reported) some 60,000 lire, and made a gift of it to the Government. The houses are now torn down, and it is a reasonable hope that before many weeks have passed we shall have accurate knowledge of the Basilica. What-

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ever the results of the excavation, the action taken by Mr. Phillips will long be remembered with gratitude by all archæologists. It is to be hoped that his example may be followed, and that Americans and Englishmen may contest in friendly rivalry to promote the interests of scholarship.

It is at the western end of the Forum, however, near the *niger lapis*, that the most interesting discoveries have been made. This whole region is being slowly and carefully cleared. First, there were found pieces of a slab of travertine cut on one side with an inscription of the time of Sulla. This had been used to repair the pavement of the Comitium, probably after the fire of 283. So far as can be made out, the words refer to contracts for public works—probably drains, as the price was only about $5 a foot. Then, close about the arch of Severus, the foundations of several early buildings were discovered, and it can now be shown that the steps by which, as Jordan and Middleton thought, the line of the Comitium was marked, did not serve that purpose, but are of late date, as are also the slabs heretofore usually thought to be the pavement of the Comitium. Bits of the true pavement have been found near the *niger lapis*. It is this, the *niger lapis*, around which the excavations have revolved like the free leg of the compass about its fixed centre. Signor Boni has even pushed his explorations directly under the "black stone," which is now supported in midair by beams and braces.

When the report first spread that the *niger lapis* had been found, Prof. Huelsen, of the German Institute, wrote an article to show that the report could not be true, because certain ancient authors spoke of two lions standing beside the *niger lapis*, and, as these had not been found, the black stones which had been discovered could not be *the* black stone. To those who have had experience in excavation, this argument will hardly seem conclusive, and later events have demonstrated its fallaciousness, for some five feet below the "black stone" two equal bases have been found which can hardly be other than those on which formerly stood the lions. They are of tufa, finely cut and set with strong, low, long-drawn mouldings that seem of the early fifth or sixth century B. C. Two other monuments found beside these bases are perplexing. One of them is a truncated cone of tufa set on a square base. The other is a square beam of tufa cut on all four sides with an inscription in such early Latin that when I left Rome it had not yet been read. This also stands on a square base of tufa. A most curious circumstance is that these bases for the lions and the two other monuments are directly underneath the *niger lapis*. In clearing these objects, a layer of ashes was met with in which were a great quantity of small vases, lamps, and weights and several small bronze and bone statuettes. The largest of the bronze figures, only about four inches high, was evidently of local manufacture, and represented in crude fashion a nude man with large head covered by a shock of hair. He held a short staff, bent like a hockey stick, in his hands. The others, about three inches high, were very nicely modelled figures similar to the "Apollo" of Tenea, and evidently not made by the same class of workmen as made the larger figure or those of bone, which also were crude and ugly. Whether the *niger lapis* marked the tomb of Romulus or not, it can no longer be questioned that this spot had some sacred significance for the Romans.

The earth about the entrance to the Temple of Saturn has also been taken away, but little of interest was found except a drain running towards the Tabularium, noted years ago by Bunsen in the 'Monumenti' (1836, Pl. 33, 34). It is an arched passage of tufa peculiar only for having on one side of the interior a continuous step some eight inches wide and about one foot high, running along the bottom.

While such has been the progress of the work in the Forum, other parts of the city have added other results to the total of the archæological interest of the year. In the Church of the Gesù a large bit of the enclosure wall of the Ara Pacis Augustæ was found serving as the tombstone of Cardinal Sebastiano Poggio, who died in 1633. Then, while tearing down some walls of a house in the Via Giulia, the workman came across 472 fragments of the Forma Urbis. Such accidental discoveries may possibly be of great importance; but our interest is drawn inevitably to the Forum, where the constant finding of important monuments is the reward of careful work carried forward with energy and intelligence.

RICHARD NORTON.

LA TRAPPE DE NOTRE DAME DU LAC.

MONTREAL, July, 1899.

It is strange that Carlyle, who set so high a value on other men's silence that he preached it to his fellows in something more than thirty volumes, should never have found a good word for a company of toilers whose daily lives, in more than one aspect, practically apply his teachings. Possibly, he may have wished to include them tacitly in the off-hand declaration of 'Past and Present' which says that, "the gospel of Richard Arkwright once promulgated, no monk of the old sort is any longer possible in this world." There is, however, at present, no sign of approaching decay or extinction in an order whose houses are counted in France by dozens, while Canada, notwithstanding a relatively sparse population and severe climate, supports three establishments, in various conditions of development and prosperity. Of one of these, which it was my good fortune to inspect under exceptionally favorable circumstances, it is the purpose of this article to speak.

The visit of a young French acquaintance, furnished with letters to ecclesiastical authorities, supplied the opportunity; for although the traditional open-handed hospitality of the Trappists rendered the monastery of Notre Dame du Lac accessible to male visitors of any faith, sympathetic interest alone is but a slender warrant for interrupting the quiet of a life professedly withdrawn from the world. Yet, for all this, the welcome given to every passing stranger is so unforced and considerate that differences of belief and opinion vanish for the time at the sight of this direct but unobtrusive exercise of the spirit of humanity, shown alike and in the same measure to the beggar, the pilgrim, the priest, and the tourist.

This monastery and its adjoining farm are situated on the southern exposure of the long, easy hill-slopes of the "Two Mountains" which flank the north shore of the lake bearing the same name—a wide expansion of the Ottawa River at the head of the Island of Montreal. In spite of its proximity to the busy industrial and commercial centre, few of the English-speaking inhabitants of Montreal know this institution otherwise than as a name. There is nothing remarkable in this fact. Between the two sides of the lake the contrast is indeed sharp. On one shore lie trim cottages and villas, the gardens, the shaven lawns, and the golf-grounds of a prosperous and luxurious *bourgeoisie;* across the lake, not ten miles away, stand the three white chapels of the shrine on the hill-top, and the sombre pile of buildings where the "brothers of toil" work out, as they trust, their own salvation through labor and prayer,

"The world forgetting, by the world forgot."

Landing at the miserable Indian village of Oka, the traveller promptly finds himself packed into a rickety omnibus, amid a confusion of passengers and parcels bound for the same destination. But as the rattling vehicle proceeds along the sandy stretches of road, the first impression is of a steadily progressive improvement in the appearance of the countryside, as well as in the quality of the roadway itself. It is obvious that the industry which in a few years has turned the tangled Canadian bush into a succession of admirably cultivated fields, has already begun to tell through the influence of example, spreading outwards over the immediate neighborhood. A further surprise awaits us on coming to the "old monastery" (now a small and struggling school of agriculture under Trappist guidance), entirely surrounded with kitchen-gardens, orchards, and vineyards; for one at least of our number remembers this spot as an almost impassable bit of forest. From the balcony of the simple wooden chapel under the eaves, the eye now looks down on the avenue of maples, rich with the promise of a splendid maturity, on acres of garden beds and fruit trees, and thence travels over the brown waters of the lake, flecked here and there with the purple of passing cloud-shadows, away to the southern horizon bounded by the outlying ranges of the Adirondacks. Beyond this point, at a bend and dip in the road, still stands the small *habitant* house in which the fathers settled during the first few seasons of their struggle against the difficulties of climate and soil. Immediately opposite, in noble contrast, the new monastery building stretches its huge three-story façade of rough stone, symbolical, in its stability and proportions, of the character which its founders seek to impress upon the work of their order. Alighting travellers are received by the "Père Portier" and "Père Hôtelier," the former's duty being to escort the visitors over such parts of the establishment as are generally shown, while the latter, who has charge of the hostelry forming a necessary adjunct of every Trappist monastery, provides for the lodging of wayfarers requesting hospitality for a night or more. This being our case, we were soon assigned most comfortable rooms—not cells—the walls of which were hung with religious pictures, excellent in intention at least, and also provided with a copy of the rules of the house, to which one is most courteously begged to conform. Guests are thus notified, in the first place, that

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the "Hôtellerie de Notre Dame du Lac" is "neither a sanitarium, an hotel, nor a place of recreation," but is intended as a retreat for such as wish in silence and solitude to strive after amendment of life and conduct. To this end, each hour of the day has its set occupation of prayer or meditation, from early morning service till nine in the evening, when all lights must be extinguished. These rules, as well as others, were considerately relaxed for us. For the monks, discipline is naturally severe, even beyond the rule of silence. Rising at two in the morning, they at once proceed to the chapel, where services are held without interruption till high mass at seven; the rest of the day is taken up with the most arduous manual labor in the field, with meditation and worship, till the hour of the *Salut*, after which all retire. Equal strictness presides over their regimen, which excludes meat, fish, butter, and eggs (save in cases of illness, and also of travel in the interests of the order); and for drink, milk and "fair water." Cider, made by the monks, takes the place of wine, allowed in most of the houses in Europe. Visitors come under a more generous commissariat regulation, and even on the two *jours maigres* of our stay we could not plume ourselves on having bravely submitted to cenobitic fare.

After an ample midday dinner, eaten, according to request, in silence, comes the visit, under the guidance of the Père Portier, to the chapel, cloisters, refectory, cells, and all the outlying buildings which serve in the exercise of the various industries of La Trappe. The severest simplicity reigns throughout. In the long low refectory, for instance, a plain, solid deal table runs around three sides, already prepared for the next meal, which apparently will consist mainly of a generous portion of brown bread and a handful of onions; the dishes and utensils, scrupulously kept, are equally simple for all, those of the abbot himself differing in no way from the rest. As for the chapel and cloisters within their heavy stone walls, lath and plaster, unadorned save for a few primitive arabesques or mottoes and texts, suffice for the surroundings of an existence in which the sense of material beauty is accorded neither a place nor a thought. But the moral impression on the beholder is for that very reason all the more direct and intense. It is possible, one may admit, to learn by degrees to accept the spareness of diet, the hard pallet in a wooden cubicle like a box-stall in a stable, the toil, the absence of frequent cleansings. The hardships of soldiers in the field, of sailors before the mast, not to speak of the advertised discomforts of arctic or other explorers, are often enough more severe. What seems more difficult of comprehension to those out of whose habits of thought there has grown a radically different conception of life and its implications, is the process by which a human being reaches a renunciation so complete as contentedly to take his daily recreation in a tiny cemetery where the grave in readiness awaits the next comer, and to meditate for hours in front of the inscription, "Quand il n'y a plus de moi, il n'y a plus de croix." But here, as Sainte-Beuve says, there is at all events no tarrying in the regions of doubt, no sense of failure in the pursuit of truth; nor is one any longer haunted, amid the shiftings of a fitfully reviving faith, by misgivings, outward darkness, and the open gulf of uncertainty. Doubtless, too, more than one has found in this retreat the truth of a saying unwritten on its walls: "A cœur blessé, l'ombre et le silence."

In the sunlight, under the clear, hard blue of the Canadian sky, all graver reflections give way at the sight of the admirably ordered farm-buildings, poultry-houses, cattle-pens, dairies, and wine or cider-presses of the establishment. The silence which prevails over all the human activities engaged here is no check on the cheerful noises of the farm-yard; though one visitor stoutly maintained that he detected signs of a tendency in that direction. But one's chief interest lies less in the organization itself, which differs from that of an ordinary farm-house in nothing but unusual size and cleanliness, than in the knowledge that this constitutes one of the principal sources of revenue of the whole institution. Trappist butter, cheese, wine, and cider are now well known, the first two holding their own among Canadian diary products, for the general improvement of which, in the last few years, a large share of credit must be given to the staff of the experimental farm established at Ottawa by the Dominion Government. All around us, during the glorious June day, the farm work goes on. The formal part of the visit over, we are free to lounge on the hillside and watch from a distance the white-gowned brothers, or the *convers* in darker robes, dotting the fields, bent over the earth like Belgian laborers, and interrupting their work only when, at stated intervals, the monastery bell gives the signal for a few moments of prayer. As a very tangible mark of their success, it may be noted that though the plague of caterpillars had almost devastated the neighborhood, reducing fruit-trees to skeletons, and laying autumnal tints on clumps of woods, hardly a trace of the scourge appeared within the precincts of the monks' property—a result achieved by detailing a certain number every day to gather up and destroy the vermin. The adjacent farms unfortunately cannot dispose of a sufficient number of hands for the purpose.

It must not be supposed that the produce of farm and dairy is alone sufficient for the support of the monastery. Notwithstanding the fact that the land on which it stands was ceded to the order by the Sulpicians, who still preserve quasi-seigniorial rights and privileges over the district and many adjoining parishes, the installation alone of so large an establishment must have demanded a great initial outlay. Without entering into questions with which neither the present writer nor his readers can have any concern, it may be conjectured that, in common with other eleemosynary institutions, La Trappe at times receives through private gifts some part of what is so liberally distributed from its doors or within its walls. The casual offerings of travellers, though not a completely negligible quantity, are too often out of all proportion to what many could easily afford to give. According to Baedeker, while more than sixteen thousand guests are annually entertained at the Saint-Bernard Hospice, their contributions hardly cover the expenses of one thousand. The writer trusts that he may be pardoned for his indiscretion in citing a parallel case, where, after a dinner to twenty-five uninvited guests, the treasury receipts amounted to exactly twenty-five cents. The humorous twinkle and comment which accompanied the information showed that under the cowl the man is not lost. But this tolerably regular entertainment forms only part of the charity freely dispensed here. At all seasons of the year, and more particularly when labor is scarce, unfortunates drift hither from various quarters, or are directed to come by those who know that from these doors no hungry man is ever turned away. In some cases a little return is made in the form of a day's work, easily arranged for even among the varied labors of seventy or eighty monks.

One whose way of life has been determined by very different conditions and considerations from those of a cenobite finds some difficulty in expressing without exaggeration the full effect produced by the sight of an existence so ordered, so sheltered, so free from individual struggle, and yet to all appearances permanently human through its sincerity, its labor, its steadfastness in well-doing. To give definite illustration of this would imply presenting to the reader personalities long since lost to the world, and still eager to avoid it; one may, nevertheless, record one's thanks for the hearty reception to those of another belief, for the memory of genial intercourse, and for the warm invitation to renew the acquaintance. We may be far from contemplating such a life with envy—equally far from any intention of carrying its austerities into our own; but we cannot forget that the sight of it gives a wider meaning to our conception of tolerance. It is our lot, however, to return, and, in the words of the great worldly philosopher probably unknown to the Trappist, "to take our part in the suffering and struggling, the tears and laughter, the crime, remorse, love, folly, sorrow, rest."

P. T. L.

Correspondence.

THE PRICE OF TIN-PLATE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I notice in your number for June 29 reference to the article by Prof. McVey, published in the *Journal of Political Economy*, on the subject of Trusts and tariff, and the figures there given on the tin-plate industry. Is it worthy of your notice that the Chicago *Evening Post* for Monday, July 17, attributes the recent advance in the price of tin-plate, to $3.80 per box, to the increase in the cost of the raw materials?

Respectfully, Lloyd Chas. Whitman.

Chicago, July 18, 1899.

[The New York *Commercial*, a paper which has been giving close attention to this matter, says that the rise has gone to $4.50 per box of 100 pounds, and that it "is wholly unwarranted by anything in trade conditions."—Ed. Nation.]

PROFESSORIAL INFLUENCE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The editorial in the *Nation* for July 6, relating to the "Problems of our Colleges," advocates closer relations between professors and students. Permit me to call your attention to the conditions prevailing in Western Reserve University, Cleveland, Ohio, Charles F. Thwing, D.D., LL.D.,

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President. The suggestion made in your editorial is one which has long been in force in Western Reserve, not only in the department of ancient languages, but also in the department of modern languages, and of the sciences. The teachers who conduct the small classes are, as every one knows who knows the old Western Reserve and the new, among the best.

In one of the college books by President Thwing, published in 1893 ('Within College Walls,' pp. 89-90), the following occurs:

"It is a happy condition in the American college life that such [intellectual] intimacies are becoming more numerous and more intimate. What is known as 'seminary work' tends to promote such closeness of relationship. In this work the professor ceases to be a professor and becomes a student, working with his students. These students are usually fewer than are found in the ordinary college class, and such fewness of numbers tends to promote personal and scholarly intimacies."

I am confident that you will be glad to inform your readers of the work in progress in an institution not named in your editorial, but which is carrying out the suggestions contained therein.

Sincerely yours, JAMES H. ROSS.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., July 18, 1899.

"YOUSE."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Under the caption "Youse," in the columns of a late *Nation*, a Chicagoan gives it as his opinion that the primitive New England farmer uses this expression in the sense of "yours." If the writer of that article had lived in New England all his life, he would know that the expression "youse" is not indigenous to New England, but has been brought in by the foreign Celtic population. To the poorly educated New England farmer this word is indicative of a less fortunate education than even he possesses. G. A. LEAVENS.

BOSTON, July 23, 1899.

Notes.

In October the Century Co. will issue 'Present-Day Egypt,' by Frederic Courtland Penfield, ex-Consul-General at Cairo, fully illustrated. They have also in preparation an illustrated edition of Dr. Weir Mitchell's 'Hugh Wynne,' making use of a great number of rare prints and manuscripts.

Fall announcements of the Bowen-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, are 'The Puritan Republic,' by Judge Daniel Wait Howe; 'American Fungi,' by Capt. Charles McIlvaine, profusely illustrated, partly in color; 'Book-Lover's Verse,' edited by Howard S. Ruddy; and a reprint of the late Richard Malcolm Johnston's Essays on literary and social topics, with the addition of a second series.

We have spoken at some length of one of the "Beacon Biographies" published in Boston by Small, Maynard & Co. under the editorship of M. De Wolfe Howe, viz., the Lowell. We can do no more than mention the others which have thus far appeared—the Webster, by Norman Hapgood; Farragut, by James Barnes; Phillips Brooks, by the editor; and Robert E. Lee, by Prof. W. P. Trent. The form of these little volumes and the general tastefulness of the get-up are delectable. The covers are a limp blue cloth. Each subject has his portrait and (excellent idea) his chronology; a bibliography concludes. In such abbreviated books an index may have been thought superfluous. If Prof. Trent belittles the loyalty of Gens. Scott and Thomas that he may praise the disloyalty of their fellow-Virginian, Lee, by taking them out of "the same moral and spiritual class," Mr. Hapgood is not among the latter-day apologists for Webster, and has no excuse to offer for his "fall."

It may be said of the 59th volume of the 'Dictionary of National Biography' (London: Smith, Elder & Co.; New York: Macmillan) that the section Wakeman—Watkins contained in it consists chiefly of mediocrities. But this, as we have before contended, is the conspicuous merit of the Dictionary, since the great are celebrated in many collections. And what is a mediocrity? Was the John Walker one who invented friction matches (dying as late as 1859)? Or the other John Walker, who began actor, then practised and taught elocution, and finally gave the English-speaking world his Pronouncing Dictionary, among many kindred works? However, men of distinction are not wholly wanting here. Sir William Wallace; Edmund Waller, of whom it is remarked that he was the richest poet known to English literature, if the shade of Samuel Rogers do not protest; Horace Walpole; Sir Robert Walpole, who leads all his alphabet with 29 pages, not exactly whitewashing, but not censorious; Bishop Warburton, who is sketched by Leslie Stephen; Charles Waterton; the three Walters of the London *Times*, whose shares, we are told, are inalienable by sale—are some of the principal lights. The Rev. Nathaniel Ward of Ipswich and the actor J. W. Wallack are most noticeable among the English-Americans taken account of.

'Reminiscences of the King of Roumania' (Harpers) is the not strictly accurate title of an anonymous compilation covering nearly four hundred pages of a rather bald narrative, which, by the application of a moderate degree of literary skill, could have been compressed into an informing and interesting essay of about the length of Macaulay's article on Pitt. The King of Rumania is a member of a branch of the Hohenzollern family which, like the Coburgs, has always stood ready to supply kings and minor rulers to new and struggling nationalities, or to old ones whose dynasties have had to be discarded. It was the candidacy of his brother Leopold for the Spanish throne that served as a pretext to bring on the war of 1870. King Charles has had a troublous time with his turbulent subjects during the thirty-three years of his reign. He has made himself respected by the purity of his life, and by the combination of courage and prudence with which he has surmounted the perils that beset his realm, from within and from without. Students of his career will sympathize with him rather than with the semi-barbarous and mongrel race which it has been his task to raise to a respectable position among the European family of nations. The story of his struggles will afford much comfort to those who take cynical views of democratic or constitutional modes of government.

In one respect at least Mr. C. B. Tiernan's 'Tiernan Family in Maryland' (Baltimore: Gallery & McCann) sets a creditable example to the compilers of family genealogies. Instead of going into fableland for the phantoms of mythical ancestors, he has modestly contented himself with authentic records and facts of the last and the present century. The book will have interest for Marylanders at least, but would be much the better for an index.

In the little series of handbooks entitled collectively "Aus Natur und Geisteswelt," and published by Teubner at Leipzig, the fourth volume deals with 'Schrift- und Buchwesen in alter und neuer Zeit,' and is from the pen of Prof. Dr. O. Weise. Its 150 pages are packed with information, and each chapter is brought down to date in a rather unconventional manner, so that, for example, the very first, on writing and its instruments, ends with sections on stenography and telegraphy. So the somewhat unusual rubric of Letter-writing (*Briefwesen*), in which the dawn and progress of correspondence are described, takes in the latest find at Oxyrhynchos, a letter in which a bad boy of the third century of our era scolds his parent for sundry shortcomings; while among the numerous and mostly unhackneyed illustrations the papyrus of Bacchylides is shown (on p. 127, chapter on Libraries). Still, in the modern portion, the author's survey is inclined to be provincial. We do not refer to his little sermon on yellow journalism, called "The Dark Side of the Press," in which he forbears to draw illustrations from America, though a full knowledge of the number of newspapers in this country might have modified his somewhat naïve complaint that there are far too many in Germany. But he evidently has no conception of the multiplication of free libraries among us, and his readers are left in ignorance of the fact that the Old World received the working telegraph from the New. Morse, who is credited with his alphabet alone, is even called an Englishman; and in connection with ocean cables both America and Cyrus Field are ignored. Neither Edison nor Gray is mentioned in the reference to multiple telegraphy.

The minor writings of Heinrich Brunn, the celebrated professor of archæology at Munich, who died in 1894, have been collected by Messrs. Brunn and Bulle, and are now in process of publication by Teubner in Leipzig. The first volume, of 300 pages, with 65 illustrations, including a portrait of the author, is now ready, containing his articles on Roman, old Italian, and Etruscan monuments. The greater portion of them were originally written in Italian, and are now published in that tongue. The two other forthcoming volumes will contain Brunn's articles on the history of Greek art (with the exception of such as already form part of his 'Geschichte der Griechischen Künstler'), his interpretations of painted vases and other monuments, critical and general essay, etc., thus furnishing a complete record of his scientific work. The same publishing-house announces the early publication of the speeches and addresses of Otto Ribbeck.

Literary Life, "a weekly newspaper devoted to books and bookmen," will be launched in September in this city by the Montgomery Publishing Co., of No. 23 Park Row. Its day of issue will be Saturday.

With the current issue, the *American Historical Review* (Macmillan) closes its fourth volume. Of the leading papers, the greatest novelty and interest attach to Mr. Henry C. Lea's "Hidalgo and Morelos," the story of

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the last gasp of the Inquisition in Mexico. Mr. Joshua W. Caldwell's "John Bell of Tennessee" usefully recalls forgotten passages in the early career of this statesman, but is not noticeably successful as an apologia for the Presidential candidate's final going over to secession. Among the reviews we single out for mention Col. Dodge's running commentary on a number of works relating to the recent war with Spain, from the point of view of a veteran of the civil war.

Not the least interesting instalment of "The Ancestry of the Hoar Family in America" is that with which the series concludes in the July number of the *New England Historic and Genealogical Register*. It introduces a regicide ancestor of Senator Hoar. The regulation portrait of this issue represents Mr. John Cumming, a typical New Englander of vast activity and public spirit, whose face might stand for Uncle Sam in his best mood.

Mr. Martin Schütze of the University of Pennsylvania contributes to the *Americana Germanica* (vol. iii., No. 1) an exceedingly interesting and exhaustive study of Hauptmann's drama, "Die Versunkene Glocke." After a critical examination and analysis of each of the acts, he considers the dramatic prototypes of the play which exhibit a likeness in scenic mechanism and poetic form. Such he finds in Grillparzer's "Melusina," Goethe's "Faust," and Ibsen's "Masterbuilder Solness," "Brand," and "An Enemy of Society." The several characters are also discussed in comparison with like characters in other German dramatic works. The study, covering 35 pages, is concluded by a brief consideration of the bell symbolism, and a short bibliography of the more extended of the many works and articles which have been called into being by this remarkable drama.

The revival of the Waldensian theological and religious monthly, *La Rivista Cristiana*, is a welcome addition to the exponents of progressive thought in Italy, notwithstanding the somewhat conservative tendency of the historic martyr communion that authorizes its publication. It was originally issued a quarter of a century ago by the present editor, the indefatigable Prof. Comba of Florence, but was discontinued about a decade ago. Its present programme includes scholarly and independent research in the religious and ethical problems of the hour, and special efforts will be made to render the status of Protestant and independent thought in Italy intelligible to outsiders. The journal thus appeals largely to non-Italians. It is a thirty-two-page monthly, costing six lire per annum, and is published in Florence.

The June *Astrophysical Journal* announces a third conference of astronomers and astrophysicists, to be held at the Yerkes Observatory, Williams Bay, Wis., beginning on Wednesday, September 6, and closing on Friday of the same week. A circular giving information regarding local arrangements has just been issued. In both plan and scope this conference will be similar to those held at Williams Bay in 1897 and Cambridge in 1898, both of which were successful in bringing together an unusually large number of physicists and astronomers. The coming conference will hear a report of the committee charged with perfecting a plan for the organization of a permanent society of astronomers and astrophysicists, to take charge of future conferences. Mr. F. R. Moulton of the University of Chicago, in the same number, sets forth a novel addition to the mathematical method of finding the orbital elements of a body moving round the sun in a parabola. At least three distinct observations of its position have hitherto been regarded as necessary; but Mr. Moulton, remarking the high precision attained in measurements of relative motion in the line of sight, develops the formulas by which only two observations of position are requisite if properly combined with one sight-line measure. The exceptional power of modern telescopes, and the improvements in the construction and methods of application of the spectroscope, alone make this possible.

Sir Martin Conway's account of his explorations in the Bolivian Andes is the article of most general interest in the July *Geographical Journal*. His scientific work was much hindered by the Indians, who believed that it involved some outrage to their superstitions. They are practically attached to the soil which they cultivate, raising potatoes mainly, and "hold their lands by a kind of feudal tenure. Instead of paying a rent, they give their labor to the landlord," and, when not oppressed, are quiet enough, though never well disposed to white men. Cordial praise is bestowed on the work of Mr. Bandelier, "the Flinders Petrie of ancient Peru," who is investigating the antiquities of the Lake Titicaca region, and is accumulating for the Washington Museum "a mass of material of the highest interest alike to anthropologists and historians." Sir Martin commends this region to the attention of geologists because "surface modelling by water is perhaps as vigorously carried on here as it is in any part of the world," especially as shown in the rivers "eating backwards" at their heads. This number also contains the anniversary address of Sir C. Markham before the Royal Geographical Society, in which he dwells upon the Antarctic expeditions in progress or in preparation, upon the foundation of a School of Geography at Oxford, and the appointment of a committee "to suggest a convenient and systematic geographical terminology."

The historian Mommsen has only lately discovered that, in the eyes of the Austrian law, he is a dangerous character, and that by section 300 of the legal code of that Empire he could, were he unfortunate enough to be apprehended within the limits, be condemned to imprisonment for six months, on the ground that he encourages insurrection against the existing order of things. The lucky discoverer of this condition of affairs is Dr. Bobies, the second *Staatsanwalt* or prosecuting attorney of the empire. Still more remarkable is the fact that it is Mommsen's Roman History, classic for a generation, that furnishes the basis for this charge. The *Arbeiter Zeitung* had quoted from the third volume of this history a passage which those in authority considered "dangerous," and on account of this citation confiscated the issue of the paper. The Berlin papers report that the venerable savant, who is now nearly eighty-two years of age, was equally surprised and amused at the folly of the Austrian authorities.

—It is not generally known that the first American edition of Dickens's 'American Notes' was issued by a newspaper, *Brother Jonathan*, in the form of a small folio, two columns to the page. The print was fine and the general make-up showed haste; a wood-cut of old Edinburgh was used to fill the last page, and on the yellow cover a print of a launch, neither having any relation to the contents of the book. This folio is of very high rarity, and a copy in fair condition and in the original wrapper (ever dear to the collector's heart) belongs to the fancy met in its extreme form among those who look upon first editions as the only books really worth possessing. An even rarer piece is an issue from the Boston *Daily Mail*, made in 1842, called 'English Notes, intended for very extensive Circulation by Quarles Quickens, Esq.' It also is a folio of sixteen pages, three columns to the page, and the running title is "Yankee Nation—Extra." The dedication is worth quoting: "This work, composed chiefly since my return, during such intervals of leisure as my other various important avocations allowed me, I dedicate to those friends of mine in England who, giving me a welcome I shall never forget, were so kind and courteous as not to restrain my judgment; and who, loving their country very much as a Jew loves pork, can bear, nay, even take delight in, whatever of abuse and detraction it may give me pleasure to indulge in respecting it—provided that it is done in my usual vein of kindness and good humor."

—The tone of easy banter is soon laid aside, and the darker aspects of English life described—the poor in the cities, the squalor and misery of a manufacturing town, the enormity of tariffs, the political status of the workingman, without either voice or influence in the conduct of public questions; the ignorance, crime, and virtual slavery among the poor, and the actual existence of slavery in British India. The personalities are few, the most patent being the slap at Marryat: "I was given to understand that it was in contemplation to represent another epoch in this gentleman's life, and that a pedestal was being erected (as a learned friend of mine would have me say) for the support of a tub of Virginia tobacco and a quarter cask of old Cogniac brandy; these being the two idols of his worship in the United States." Nor does the writer omit to insert some sly hits on the current Boston matters. 'Brook Farm theory is thus set forth: "There is a set of men here called chancendentalists. In answer to my inquiries as to what were the particular tenets of their faith, I was told that a very comfortable definition could not be given. I, however, afterwards learned that they were chiefly held together by the belief that Cant, an eccentric philosopher of some celebrity, could be conquered, nay annihilated, if it were possible to acquire the art of using his own weapons with consummate skill. If I lived in Liverpool I think I should be a chancendentalist, firstly because some of the best minds here are among them, and secondly because there is something dreamy and incomprehensible about it." This satire is well worth reading, though its authorship may never be determined.

—An occasional contributor to the *Nation*, and its constant reader for many years, George W. Julian of Irvington, Ind., passed away on July 7, in his eighty-second year and in the full possession of his faculties and

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his intellectual activity. He was perhaps the most conspicuous product of that Quaker migration from the South, particularly from North Carolina, which was caused by aversion to slavery, and which had for one result the implanting of anti-slavery convictions in the new-made States of Ohio and Indiana. He was a Whig until called upon to vote for Gen. Taylor (a slaveholder) for President; a delegate to the Buffalo convention of 1848, which founded the Free Soil party; the Free Soil candidate for Vice-President in 1852; a delegate to the convention at Pittsburgh in 1856 from which sprung the Republican party. For eight years he conspicuously represented this party in Congress, and fought the good fight against slavery with a courage, persistency, and elevation of tone scarcely surpassed in any of his colleagues. His independence was shown when, recognizing the downward course of the Republican organization under Grant's administration, he threw in his lot with the reformers. One who turns over the back volumes of the *North American Review* will find Mr. Julian in 1878 exposing the party's shortcomings in terms which drew down upon him the epithet of "traitor." He did not forfeit it by giving his support to President Cleveland, and earned it anew in a national sense by his hostility to our new-fangled imperialism. We are in danger of overlooking the honorable singularity of such a political career as this, partly because a long life cannot be grasped as a whole by the common memory, but partly because of the failure of large numbers of leading Republicans of the storm-and-stress period not only to withstand, but to recognize and confess, that corrupt tendency which has brought us to our present state of well-nigh hopeless passivity and impotence. By a second marriage, Mr. Julian became a son-in-law of Joshua R. Giddings—it need scarcely be said, without any impairment of his anti-slavery zeal and fidelity.

—Many investigations have been made upon school-children to show to what an extent the work of the school-day fatigues them, and makes them less capable of doing a definitely measured amount of work in multiplication or other tasks. Other observers have all come to the conclusion that indications of fatigue are very marked, but Dr. Edward Thorndyke believes (*Science*, ix, 234) that these results are vitiated by the fact that when the same children are given the same tests at the beginning and at the end of the school-day, they do too well at the end of the day on account of the practice they have had at the beginning, and also too ill on account of having lost interest in a repeated experiment. To obviate these presumed sources of error, Dr. Thorndyke gave four different sorts of tests to two groups of pupils, but so arranged that a group of pupils who did one sort in the morning had a different kind of task to do at the close of school. Change in willingness and interest on the part of the pupils he provided against by being present himself and observing the children in these particulars. As a result of this method of procedure, he finds no evidence of fatigue whatever on the part of the pupil, but, on the contrary, he finds that the work is done a little better (2 per cent. better) at the close of the day than at the beginning. This result is remarkable; it probably indicates that the children in the schools visited by Dr. Thorndyke are extremely well nourished, or have an exceptionally happy and easy time of it during their school-day. Dr. Thorndyke's contention is a little difficult to follow. According to him, the children of the other observers did badly at two o'clock, not because they were tired, but because they felt a peculiar distaste for doing again at two what they had already done at nine, and nevertheless they did not do *so* badly as they would have done had it not been for the practice which they secured by first doing the work at the beginning of the day. But can it be supposed that one hour's practice makes an appreciable difference in the capacities of children for spelling and arithmetic? Most teachers would be of the opinion, we fancy, that many and many a weary hour of practice can be passed through by these poor creatures before a change can be produced which would have the effect of a feather's weight in the most delicate conceivable system of measuring.

—'Archæology of Lytton, British Columbia,' by Harlan I. Smith, is published in volume 2 of the Memoirs of the American Museum of Natural History, being the third contribution of the Jesup North Pacific Expedition. It describes the explorations made in several village-sites near the confluence of the Thompson and Fraser Rivers. The habitations of the prehistoric people of this neighborhood were similar to those of the Indians of recent times, as is evident from the remains of ancient house-pits at all the localities examined. These underground lodges were circular holes, some six feet deep, roofed over with timbers covered with fir-boughs and earth, which afforded sufficient protection, as there is but little rain in the region. An opening in the centre served the three-fold purpose of chimney, window, and door; a notched log projecting through it, as a ladder. The specimens found in the hearths, graves, and village-sites show that copper, stone, shells, and bone were used for making weapons, tools, and implements for hunting and fishing. Clothing probably consisted of skins of animals and of fabric woven from vegetable fibre (probably sage-brush) and mountain-goat wool, of which fragments exist. Among other objects unearthed were sets of dice made of woodchuck teeth. They are so much like dice made of beaver teeth with which modern Indians play that their use is easily understood. Proficiency in carving and engraving is indicated by specimens of tobacco-pipes, ornaments, and implements, but there is no indication that the potter's art was known. Mr. Smith concludes that the mode of life of these prehistoric tribes, their utensils, their methods of manufacture, and their customs were practically the same as those of the present inhabitants of the interior of British Columbia. One of the strongest evidences of the identity of culture is the fact that modern Indians are able to interpret the conventional designs on prehistoric remains. Specimens of carving, the use of slate fish-knives and harpoons, and the occurrence of certain shells and of ornaments made from them, indicate the influence of the coast tribes, although on the whole the prehistoric culture of the interior of British Columbia shows greater affinity to that of the western plateaux. There is no evidence of a change of type or of a material change of culture since the earliest times of which we have knowledge. The memoir is copiously illustrated.

ASTON'S JAPANESE LITERATURE.

A History of Japanese Literature. By W. G. Aston. D. Appleton & Co.

It is a strange tale to tell, yet a true one, that although the Japanese have a voluminous literature extending over twelve hundred years, no Englishman had read a page of a Japanese book before 1859. Some Continental scholars had explored this domain of thought; the Germans, especially, reading books in Japanese that were expressed mainly with Chinese script. In Holland, Hoffman had begun those readings which enabled him to write what, until the issue of Aston's grammar, was the best manual of the Japanese language for its study by foreigners. When, however, the Townsend Harris treaty had opened Japan to foreign residence and commerce, the student interpreters at the British Legation in Yedo began elaborate researches into the whole language, ancient, mediæval, and modern. The result has been an apparatus for the investigation and the enjoyment of the language and literature such as no other civil service or group of scholars can show. The grammars, dictionaries, manuals of language, literature, and history, and the papers contributed to learned societies by the members of the British Legation not only are a credit to the country whence they came, but furnish a solid argument for the reform of our own civil service. While Americans have written voluminously and ably upon Japanese themes, the honors of linguistic and literary research belong almost wholly to our British friends.

The manual now in hand is a proof of invincible tenacity of purpose. Very few living men could have handled this theme with such insight and thoroughness. Mr. W. G. Aston, a graduate of Queen's College, Belfast, in the class of 1863, began his study of Japanese in Tokio in 1864, and remained in the East, in Japan and Korea, until 1889, during which time he produced two books on grammar and made various excellent translations. During the riot in Seoul, Korea, while suffering from the night's exposure, the seeds of lifelong disease were planted in his constitution. Though for the past decade "dying by inches," he has achieved the prodigious feat of translating into English the 'Nihongi,' one of Japan's oldest and greatest books, which gives a marvellous picture of the mythological age and the beginnings of history in the eighth century. This present volume of four hundred pages is a complete conspectus of the development of the literature of Nippon, with masterly criticism and comment, bibliographical notes, a list of the most valuable dictionaries and grammars, and a good index. From the first to the last page, it is worthy of the highest praise for its accuracy, its absolute honesty, and its trustworthiness. Mr. Aston makes no pretence of judging what he has not carefully studied. Hence, for example, there is little or no reference to the voluminous Buddhistic literature in Japanese, or, rather, in that Sinico-Japanese in which most of it is expressed. One will obtain, however, by a study of this work a pretty clear idea about what the Japanese have been thinking of during the past thousand years or so, and may get at the sum total of what their thinking amounts to. It would be cynical exagge-

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ration to say that their literature is wholly one of form. Nevertheless, the greater bulk of the poetry consists of mere word play and repetition of pretty conceits, while the prose is stuffed with the pedantry of men who counted it a religion not to be original, but conscientiously to keep within the ruts already marked for them.

Incidentally the work has vast value as a history of Japanese morals in both theory and practice. Its usefulness also to the actual writer of history in its larger sense is very great. It furnishes an index of taste, for in the Mikado's empire not only have customs and costumes changed with the centuries, but social life has undergone revolution, and the national character has varied with the flow of years. For example, one can see very clearly in this literary mirror that in the early ages women were treated with much more honor, allowed greater freedom, and permitted to develop their own inherent powers to an extent unknown after the sixteenth century. Then the adoption of Chinese ideas and customs kept woman more as a recluse, manifestly degraded her, and prevented any such development of her genius as flowered in the Middle Ages, when women not only were authors, but actually set the standard of the language. Even to this day the unchallenged models of pure Japanese are in the classic writings of the court ladies of the eleventh and twelfth centuries.

Very appropriately each one, except the first, of the seven periods into which Japanese literature may be divided is named after the particular city or place which was the literary centre of the age. Long before writing was introduced, which was late in the sixth century, there were Shinto songs and rituals which expressed the faith and gratitude of these island-dwellers. The student of religion must not neglect these witnesses, for as first utterances in literary form of the Nipponese, they show that some features, popularly and even by native and foreign writers ascribed to Shinto, as vital factors, were late introductions from China. When Mr. Aston talks about poetry, he, like Prof. Chamberlain, notices not only what Japanese poetry contains, its beauties and its limitations, but also its curious omissions. Primarily the expression of emotion, and confined to lyrics and epigrams, often (as to form) mere ejaculations, these stanzas, both ancient and modern, omit allusions to sunsets and stars, to war and to the prowess of heroes. The effusions of the Japanese muse concerned Nature and her phenomena and the doings and sayings of human beings, eschewing abstractions and personification. The form is an alternation of phrases of five and seven syllables each, a species of blank verse, and the spirit is impersonal. "To their minds things happen rather than are done; the tides of Fate are far more real to them than the strong will and the endeavor which wrestles with them." The recognition of a ruling personal power in the universe, if recognition there be, is very hazy. Both the "pillow words" and the "pivot words" are employed, or rather overworked, and in both cases we have a mechanical substitute for lack of ideas. The greatest of ancient collections (which the historian of Japan, yet to come, must master and digest) is the 'Manyoshiu,' or Collection of a Thousand Leaves, which now, under official auspices, is handsomely printed in 122 volumes, with everything in the way of commentary and indexes that the most ardent student can desire.

After the nomadic period of life with the particular tribe which finally became predominant over the others, and the fixture of the seat of government in "the city of peace," or Kioto, there began the production of real literature in the form of poetry, fiction, essays, and semi-historical works. These have few serious masculine qualities. They reflect the pleasure-loving and effeminate but cultured and refined character of the class of Japanese who produced them. This literature may be described in one word as belles-lettres. The men wrote in Chinese with little or no literary quality. If a man wanted to gain for his book any literary reputation, or to give to his writing the preservative salt of style, he hid his personality, and secured for his book ages of fame by adopting the "woman's style" of writing. To this period, from A. D. 800 to 1186, belong the 'Tosa Nikki,' the diary or logbook of a journey from Kioto to Tosa; the matchless 'Taketori Monogatari,' or story of the bamboo-cutter and his adopted daughter, the maiden from the moon, with whom the nobles and even the Mikado fall in love, and upon each of whom she lays an impossible task. Then there are the other Monogatari, or novels, crowned by that called 'Genji,' which has been in part translated into English, and which gives a wonderfully vivid picture of life and art, customs and morals in the imperial court. To this epoch Mr. Aston properly devotes seventy-five pages. No student of Japanese art can afford to pass by the study of this era of Japanese civilization as revealed in its literature.

With the decay of the imperial authority in Kioto and the swinging of the pendulum of government towards home rule in the provinces, the literary as well as the political centre moved to Kamakura, a few miles southwest of the present Tokio. There a brilliant but corrupt court flourished and scholars gathered. The political figurehead was usually a child sent from Kioto and theoretically nominated by the shadowy or cloistered Mikado, who was shorn of all power; but the real ruler was some vigorous member of the Minamoto or Hojo family. The only works worth noticing produced in this era were written in Chinese, and are mainly dry chronicles or mere works of information. These are mines of historical information, but are of slight value as literature. Exceptions, however, may be made in favor of two fascinating works which the reviewer confesses to have spent many hours of delight upon, namely, the 'Gempei Seisuki' (Glory and Fall of the Gen and Hei families), and the 'Heike Monogatari,' or romance of the Hei clan. These works not only are attractive for their literary form, but relate with pathos and humor the vicissitudes of those noble families, the reds and the whites, who were, in alternation, the bosses of Japan and the ring-makers around the Mikado, and who carried nepotism and the spoils system to the most shameful extent. Finally, after long feud, they came to blows, and involved the empire in civil war, the once exiled Gen clan overthrowing and almost annihilating their Hei enemies in a great naval battle near Shimonoseki in 1184. Not a few Japanese novels are founded upon this series of incidents.

The dark age of Japan falls between the years 1332 and 1603, when the Ashikaga rulers held Kamakura and (in the latter part) Nobunaga, and the Taiko ruled from Kioto. Little of importance was produced during this time, but the famous No or lyrical dramas came into vogue. At first purely religious performances, to propitiate the Shinto deities, and given in front of the shrines, the No began to be presented in theatres, and buildings were especially erected for them. Perhaps properly translated "opera," these lyrical dramas are enacted through the medium of instrumental music and vocal recitation and song, with the accessories of superb and appropriate costumes and a great variety of masks. To the vulgar they are completely unintelligible. They are still performed in the largest cities of Japan, by the successors of the old managers who founded the art five hundred years ago; the audiences nowadays being almost entirely composed of ex-daimios and their old retainers. The latest and most complete collection contained 235 No, the great majority being of the fifteenth century. These lyrical dramas have furnished endless themes for treatment to the artist, decorator, and poet. In fact, it seems hard to separate in mental association the literature and the art of Japan. They have lived together in mutual helpfulness, like that old couple of Takasago, first introduced in the No and remembered to this day at the marriage festivals, where a representation of the aged husband and wife, with their broom and rake under the ancient pine-tree, is a necessity rather than a decoration.

If the Kamakura period was marked by the decline of learning, the Yedo period (1603-1867) was characterized by the revival of both learning and literature. After establishing his government in Yedo, the great pacifier Iyéyasu began the collection of books and manuscripts and the encouragement of scholars and schools. Though, except at Mito and Yedo, we cannot trace the actual personality and labors of the refugee Chinese scholars who fled to Japan from Peking, on the fall of the Ming dynasty and the accession of the Tartars, yet it is evident that their presence in the country exerted a profound influence at a happy moment. On a smaller scale, they accomplished very much what the Greek scholars, driven from Constantinople by the victorious Turks, did in Europe by carrying the Greek language and opening the ancient literature of Hellas. The study of Chinese in Japan became more than a fashion, it was a rage. Whereas, the Confucian ethics had of old been studied as a guide to moral conduct, it now, in the new form as transmuted by the Chinese scholar Chu-Hi, became a religion. The Samurai, or gentlemen, turned away from Buddhism, considering its pabulum fit only for women and children, and ardently reformed their lives and thought on the Chinese model. It is pretty safe to say that between the simple teachings of Jesus and the elaborate metaphysical system which lies at the basis of popular orthodoxy to-day, there is no greater difference—abysmal as that difference is—than between the original text and system of Confucius and the creed of the Japanese gentleman of the first half of this century. An undoubted intellectual stimulus to men, the Chinese philosophy and ethics acted disastrously upon the Japanese woman and home. It retired the wife and daughter from all mental activity, and had not a little to do with the creation of the *géi-sha*, that class of bright, educated, and pretty women, who, half-way between the lady and the prostitute, furnish the chief or-

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nament of Japan's social life. The Chinese philosophy, we venture to think, exaggerated rather than diminished what is known as the social evil.

Along with the study of philosophy, history, and the literature of knowledge went several other remarkable movements, which we can but briefly notice. Popular literature took the form of children's stories and cheap novels, which were printed in the *kana* script and could therefore be read by women and children. We are glad to find that Mr. Aston agrees with our own view that the well-known fairy tales or children's stories, such as The Tongue-cut Sparrow, The Rat's Wedding, Little Peachling, and others are not really folk-lore, in the strict sense of the term, but had definite authors, whose names have long since been forgotten. The Utopian literature is worthy of notice, and so also is the romantic school of fiction. This, in the early part of our century, while Bakin was living, took on large proportions. Yet this tract of Japanese literature has been partially opened to the acquaintance of foreigners by more or less successful translations. Mr. Aston does not mention any American translators, yet we can heartily commend the work of Messrs. Greey, Miss Harris, the 'Sunrise Stories,' and the version of the 'Takétori Monogatari' by the Rev. E. R. Miller, though in none of these do we find a literal translation.

The study of Japanese antiquity, which was pursued by four great scholars in succession, not only was interesting in itself and endlessly fruitful to native authors and historians, but prepared a broad foundation on which foreign scholars could build. These four discovered for the modern Japanese the language, the history, and the political structure that underlay feudalism and the Chinese superstructure, and they have helped powerfully, in this half of the nineteenth century, to unify and protect the nation during a time of tremendous foreign onslaught. Like a dike, the work of these searchers and eloquent advocates of Japanese unity has given strength within and channels without and through, so that the inrush of foreign ideas means a fertilizing conduit rather than a devastating flood. Along with this work of revealing ancient Japan went that of Rai Sanyo, who portrayed the august features of the Mikado's ancient supremacy.

In book seventh, Mr. Aston treats of some recent developments under European influence, calling this section the Tokio Period. He glances at the modern political novel, and at the romancers who attempt to use the modern colloquial grammar instead of the traditional literary dialect. He shows the profound influence wrought by the translation of European novels upon the current literature, culminating in a reaction against the methods and principles of the Bakin school of fiction. The general impression left by his examination of the drama and fiction of the last twenty years is on the whole favorable. Even the art of writing history has made progress, and he looks for a rich development of the present signs of promise. As a literary critic, pure and simple, he believes that the Japanese, having already accepted European philosophy and science, will recognize the immense superiority of Christianity and will accept it. His verdict, however, is: "Their previous history suggests that this may take the direction of a more rationalistic form of Christian belief than that which prevails in Europe."

NEWMAN HALL.

Newman Hall: An Autobiography. Thomas Y. Crowell.

There is something contagious in the enjoyment with which this book has evidently been written. The writer was born in 1816, and something of effusion, not to say garrulity, can easily be pardoned in a man writing of himself when more than eighty years of age, especially when the writer, on the best of terms with himself, is on equally good terms with everybody else. Such geniality we do not often find. Its kindly warmth exudes from every page, and diffuses itself through every recollection of the good man's life. In his babyhood he used to say, as he looked out upon the busy street, "It's boofly all," and he is similarly impressed by the entire course of his experience; the keynote of his book being furnished by his gleeful exclamation when he was a very little boy, "Hooray for every one!"

His father was that earnest Nonconformist, John Vine Hall, whose 'Sinner's Friend' has been printed in seventy (!) languages and in millions of copies. His son is of the opinion that his autobiography, 'Conflict and Victory,' is a narrative of religious experience scarcely second to Bunyan's 'Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners.' Nevertheless, the family seems to have been a happy one, on Sundays the unusual strain of piety being relieved for the children with a delightful Noah's Ark. Then, too, there was "Piggey Pogey" (the small boy's rendering of 'Pilgrim's Progress'). To Bunyan's Delectable Mountains Dr. Hall credits in part his enthusiasm for mountain-climbing, and the idea is certainly as reasonable as Herbert Spencer's treatment of such enthusiasm as a survival of the active habits of our early ancestors. Dr. Hall's memory shows no signs of failure, and his recollections of his childhood are at least as entertaining as such recollections generally are, and this is saying much. The cap-sheaf, perhaps, was his getting so near the Duke of Wellington at a military review that the great Duke perceived his ardor and graciously extended to him his hand.

The elder Hall was editor of the *Maidstone Journal*, and, at fourteen, the son was apprenticed in the office for seven years. As a reporter, he heard Wilberforce's last speech at Farleigh, near Maidstone, and afterward went over to him with the proof. He remembers him as sitting askew in his arm-chair, exactly as he is represented in Westminster Abbey. No theatrical advertisements or reports were admitted to the *Maidstone Journal*, but the pious editor was not superior to a little artifice which had in it the potentiality of an editor's being bored beyond the limits of endurance; in order that a certain county baronet might have his speech, which he had not got off as intended, printed as "delivered in Maidstone," he shouted it in the editor's office. It was all about battering down the throne with the ruins of the altar, and that sort of thing.

Young Hall's printing ended with his apprenticeship, his mother's earliest hopes having been gratified by his resolve to enter the ministry. One of his teachers at Highbury College was Henry Rogers, whose 'Eclipse of Faith' had not yet darkened the religious world. Dr. Hall has a good word for it, possibly forgetting its contention that "never was there a book which presents greater objections to its reception morally and intellectually" than the Bible; the whole argument being that Christianity must be accepted as a divine revelation *because* it is so unreasonable. A breakfast with Chalmers was the most striking episode of Hall's college course. It revealed Chalmers as at once "fervent in spirit" and "not slothful in business," for, in the same breath with the "Forever and ever, amen!" that ended his devotions, he exclaimed, "Mary, did ye put that letter in the post?" One verdict on Mr. Hall's early preaching was that it was "very well for Dover Pier, but wouldn't do for Paddington"; but he had invitations from all quarters, and accepted one from Hull, where he remained from 1842 until 1854, living a very busy life, with such results as might well breed in him some honest pride. A church of 62 members was made one of 689; temperance societies were organized with a membership of 1,200; many new branches of church work were developed, and there was much widening of religious sympathy, with a prevalence of the ethical and human elements in religion over the dogmatic. From Hull he went to London and took charge of Surrey Chapel. He was an ardent tourist, and there is much about his travels in Switzerland, Italy, and the Holy Land, in which the animal spirits and genial sympathies of the man are freely exhibited.

The twelfth chapter, "American—Political," will be more interesting to American readers than any other in the book. Newman Hall was accounted in the Civil War one of the best friends we had in England, and for good reasons. After the *Trent* affair he convened a meeting of 2,000 workingmen in Surrey Chapel, and endeavored to make plain to them that the Northern people were "engaged in a war that was practically against slavery, and that to attack them would be to side with the oppressors." The speech was admirably adapted to its purpose, and afterwards, printed in tract form, was sent out in great numbers, among others to Gladstone, who, in letters of November 8, 1862, and February 2, 1863, protested his sympathy with the North's anti-slavery purpose, but insisted on the inability of the North to crush the rebellion. Dr. Hall answered in a letter that should have made more impression than it did. As the war went on, he addressed great public meetings in Birmingham, Hull, Sheffield, Manchester, and Liverpool, speaking at each meeting for two hours, and carrying resolutions favorable to the Union cause. In 1867 he came to America, bringing a letter of introduction from Gladstone to Sumner, and, travelling widely, reaped in many flattering attentions the fruit of the good will that he had sown, a degree from Amherst College, and much cordial appreciation of his endeavors to induce a better state of feeling between the two countries. The *Alabama* claims were then a matter of dispute, and Dr. Hall is not without some justifiable belief that he contributed something to their amicable settlement. Later he made two missionary tours in the United States, one of them involving an extended visit to Niagara. As he was coming away, a beautiful rainbow spanned the American and English falls, and, while he did not feel permitted to regard this lovely spectacle as a personal

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compliment, it was only natural that it should seem to him a gracious symbol of that international good will he was so anxious to promote.

Dr. Hall's publications have had wide circulation. Of one of his tracts 4,000,000 copies have been issued in forty languages, a list of which is furnished by the Secretary of the Religious Tract Society. This tract is significant of Dr. Hall's persistent endeavor to make Christianity less a matter of dogma and more a matter of imaginative personal relationship with the founder of the Christian faith. His theological opinions are still mainly those with which he set out, but his emphasis upon some and his neglect of others have been determined by the natural goodness of his heart. It is not to be believed that he has contributed anything to the intellectual life of the religious world, for we find him quite recently debating such questions as "Whether the great religious revival of the world is to be expected on the occasion and as the immediate result of our Lord's second advent?" and "Whether believers, when they die, may be missionaries to former generations or to the inhabitants of other planets?" What he has done is much to soften the asperities of sectarian opposition, and to render religion a devotion to a personal ideal rather than mere acceptance of a set of dogmas.

In 1873 was laid the cornerstone of a new church, which was completed in 1876, at a cost of £62,000. To the raising of this amount Dr. Hall contributed a genius of the highest order for getting money out of people. But he got something better than money out of Ruskin—one of his most characteristic letters, quite as good as the similar one published in Collingwood's biography. He could see no use for such a building. "So far from that, I believe all our church building, all our preaching, and all our hearing is as great an abomination to God as ever incense and new moons in days of Jewish sin." There is a chapter on Dr. Hall's happy marriage, and three on persons he has known, which contain some interesting, but few valuable, glimpses of Dean Stanley, John Bright, Gladstone, the Howitts, Spurgeon, and others. Gladstone has a chapter to himself, notwithstanding the objection to "piecemeal biography" expressed in one of his letters. That Dr. Hall's personal admiration for him and his pleasant intercourse with him survived his rupture with his Home Rule policy, may mean no more than that Dr. Hall dearly loved to rub up against distinguished people; but we think it also means that opinions always counted less with him than character and personality.

A British Rifle Man: The Journals and Correspondence of Major George Simmons, Rifle Brigade, during the Peninsular War and the Campaign of Waterloo. Edited, with introduction, by Lieut.-Col. Willoughby Verner, late Rifle Brigade. With three maps. Crown 8vo; pp. xxvii, 386. London: A. & C. Black; New York: Macmillan.

We have here another valuable book of original material for the history of the Peninsular war and Waterloo. This "Rifle Man" (as the old fashion wrote it) was a young English surgeon who went from a militia regiment, in 1809, into the line of the Ninety-fifth Regiment, Rifles, and saw the whole of the campaigns of Wellington against Masséna, Marmont, and Soult till Napoleon's abdication in 1814. His stirring experience in the advance guard, where the Rifles generally were, was varied by tours of confinement in hospital, to which he was carried, in anguish from terrible wounds, on the rough bullock carts of Portugal over mountain roads. William Napier (afterward Sir William, the famous historian) was his comrade in the action near Almeida, where he got his first severe wound, and Napier tore off his own neckerchief to make a tourniquet for his friend, falling beside him from a wound he himself received while this was a-doing (p. 78).

Lieut. Simmons takes evident satisfaction in contrasting the courage and usual humanity of the English troops with the unstable ferocity of the Portuguese and Spanish, as well as with their demonstrative enemies, the French. It was Simmons's act which John Morley recently used as an example of the better model of soldierly conduct, when he was criticising the desecration of the Mahdi's remains at Omdurman. Simmons's reflections and his story are well worth quoting:

"Close to the place [Olmedo] was interred the body of General Férey. He was the officer who ordered the night attack at Barba del Puerco in 1810. How extraordinary are the changes produced by war! Only two years before, he had 10,000 veteran soldiers under his command. He was then actively employed against us, and now humbled to the dust, and I standing by his grave gazing at his mutilated carcass. The Spaniards had dug him up directly after the French left the town and before we entered. He had been buried with great honor, and a canopy of laurels which had been placed over his grave was torn down, his body exhumed, and his head severed from it. It was a noble head, with a fine, expressive countenance and a pair of large moustaches. I could not help observing, 'Well, you must have been a brave soldier, although our deadly foe. You shall be replaced by an enemy where your friends interred you, to rest in peace.' The remains were then in a most decent manner returned to the grave, and the Spaniards made acquainted with the horror and disgust we felt at their inhuman conduct toward a dead soldier" (p. 243).

The journal and letters make no effort at general military criticism. They are self-evidently faithful memoranda of events and experiences as they passed daily under the eye of a simple-hearted, brave man who meant to do the duty which England expected of him, and who had unbounded faith in "our noble Marquis of Wellington," who, he says, "is adored by the army." Incidents which he tells of Gen. Craufurd, who commanded the Light Division, in which the Rifles were, help to account for the reputation that officer had of being brave but narrow-minded, selfish and vindictive. The division buried Craufurd with military honors at the foot of the "little breach" at Ciudad Rodrigo, in storming which fortress he fell, but it is evident that real affection for him was lacking. In his home letters, Simmons continually repeats the injunction to keep them strictly in the family circle, and on no account to let what he says be talked about; and so the precious packet has lain for two generations without seeing the light.

At Waterloo the Rifles were in Picton's division, and late in the day, in one of the fierce onslaughts at the farmhouse of La Haye Sainte, Simmons was desperately wounded. A musket ball struck him in the side, crashed through two ribs, traversed the liver, and lodged under his breast-bone. He was carried into the building, laid on some straw, the ball cut out, and first attention given by a brave surgeon.

"Sergeant Fairfoot was also here wounded in the arm. He got me everything he could, and said he would go and knock some French prisoner off his horse for me in order to get me off. He got me a horse. They tried to lift me upon it, but I fainted; some other officer took it. In consequence of a movement the French made with all their forces, our people were obliged to retire. If I stayed I must be a prisoner, and being a prisoner was the same as being lost. Poor Fairfoot was in great agitation. He came with another horse. I remember some Life-Guardsmen helped me on."

More dead than alive, he rode twelve miles to Brussels. "The motion of the horse made the blood pump out, and the bones cut the flesh to a jelly" (p. 375). Yet he was nursed back to some degree of health by skilful surgery and the unflagging devotion of the good family in which he was billeted. He still served thirty years before he was retired as a Major, and Sir John Kincaid, in sketches of the heroes of the regiment, includes "George Simmons, with his riddled body held together by a pair of stays, though his was no holyday waist which naturally required such an appendage lest the burst of a sigh should snap it asunder, but one that appertained to a figure framed in nature's fittest mould to 'brave the battle and the breeze.'"

It would be hard to find anywhere a picture of a soldier's life in war so faithful, so true, so simply vivid as this. With all his sufferings, this officer was fascinated with his career, relished the adventures and the excitement, forgot his pains when his sturdy constitution put him on his legs again, and without a whimpering word went forward in what he honestly believed was a holy war against universal despotism in the person of Napoleon.

Masques and Mummers: Essays on the Theatre of Here and Now. By Charles Frederic Nirdlinger. The DeWitt Publishing House. 1899.

There is much entertaining and pertinent matter in these collected theatrical essays and criticisms, which are the work of a man possessing a considerable knowledge of his subject and the full courage of his opinions. There is also a good deal of shallow, flippant, pretentious, and ill-considered writing, but the assaults upon some of the current theatrical shams and abuses are delivered with excellent directness and effect, and with an independence which atones for many minor shortcomings. Mr. Nirdlinger's theories, it must be admitted, or rather the arguments with which he endeavors to buttress them, are not always particularly new or valuable. One of them is that acting has no just claim to be accounted an art—a proposition that has been debated pretty frequently by much more able controversialists. On some points the author exhibits curious misapprehension. He says that acting requires none of the greater faculties essential to other arts. But surely it does. It may not demand the manual dexterity of the sculptor, painter, or musician, but it requires great power of imagination, a comprehension of all the moods of nature, with ability to express them, a special intelligence to grasp the significance of great poetic and dramatic conceptions, a fine sense of relation and proportion, and, in its best estate, an extraordinary faculty of self-repression. There are successful performers, a good many of them,

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who possess these qualifications not at all, or only in a slight degree, but they are not actors. Mr. Nirdlinger even goes so far as to assert that intelligence is not essential to the actor, whereas it is the one characteristic which distinguishes the real actor from the pretender.

In what he says about the facility with which children can be trained to play a part, he simply shows that he fails to appreciate the difference between acting and mere mimicry. From Master Betty downwards the failure of child prodigies to fulfil in later years the promise of their youth has been notorious. When he quotes the cases of certain popular favorites as examples of the truth of his contention, he invites an obvious retort, but it is only necessary to say that his selections are peculiarly unfortunate. He is on very much surer ground when he inveighs against the vanity, the absurd egotism, the false pretence, the greedy commercialism, the hunger for notoriety, and other deplorable and contemptible manifestations which afflict and degrade the contemporary theatre; and his comments upon accidental success and the advantages of personality are perfectly sound. It is curious that he does not perceive the fatal bearing they have upon his main theory. He tells some wholesome truth, too, in his denunciation of the prevailing "mummer-worship," as he calls it, which certainly is one of the meanest and silliest of modern idolatries. One of his most vigorous articles is that on "The White Sow in the Theatre," which deals with the contempt for common decency recently exhibited in some of the principal theatres; but it would have been more effective with less elaboration. The evil, however, is one that calls for loud protest. It is a pity that Mr. Nirdlinger does not lay the responsibility for it where it belongs, upon the shoulders of the men who have profited by it.

The chief defects of Mr. Nirdlinger as a writer are due to a lack of the sense of proportion and of the relation of things. He is apt to be over-enthusiastic in his praise and too headlong in his condemnation. In the ardor of his admiration for "thesis plays," and his contempt for those who deem the subjects of some of them too rank for enjoyment, he seems to maintain that purpose—didactic, moral, social, or scientific—is a sufficient excuse for whatever may be the character of the detail. This, of course, would leave the road open to abominations of every sort. No intelligent observer has any objection to the thesis play as such, but the stage is not the place for the discussion of morbid or obscene topics. The public interest in them is not intellectual—a fact which our author perceives clearly enough in the case of pieces like "Zaza," which he scores as they deserve. His judgment is clear, too, on "The Christian," but his generalizations are much too rash and violent, and he wastes great quantities of critical ammunition upon plays and persons of no significance.

His comparison of Duse and Bernhardt is acute and just, and he gives good reasons for assigning superiority to the great Italian actress; but in doing so, he demolishes very effectually his earlier contention that acting is not an art. He speaks, moreover, of the "elaborate art" of Henry Irving, adding (very truly) of the latter that his intelligence lifts his "gifts into the very highest realm of intellectual endeavor." Slips of this sort emphasize the virtue of consistency, and the danger of reprinting occasional essays, side by side, without careful revision. The book is of uneven quality, but the best parts of it are marked by ability and honesty, and it is written with fluency and smartness.

L'Education Politique de Louis XIV. By G. Lacour-Gayet, docteur ès lettres. Paris: Hachette & Cie. 1898. 8vo, pp. x, 472.

The book before us consists of two parts: the first treats of the political education of Louis XIV. during the life-time of Mazarin, "*surintendant* of his Majesty's education" by appointment of Anne of Austria; the second analyzes the theories concerning royal power which were current in France during Louis's reign. Each part, while complete in itself, marks also one stage in the production of a higher unity, which will be completed by the later publication of a work to be entitled 'Les Idées Politiques de Louis XIV.,' the author's goal. His present object is to furnish an answer to the question, hitherto practically neglected, What was the state of the political preparation of Louis XIV. when, at the age of twenty-two years and a half, he instituted his system of personal government?

Part I. is a study of the conditions under which Louis XIV. received his political education. The eight chapters of which this part is composed discuss first of all the appointment, character, work, and method of the young King's formal instructors. Then follows an analysis of the works, official and unofficial, employed, not employed, or even officially condemned, which were adapted or composed with a view to his instruction—works of the most varied quality, ranging from the solid productions of Péréfixe, Louis's preceptor, or the valuable 'Maximes' of the court's opponent, Claude Joly, to the emptiness of a second edition of Rivault's translation of the 'Remonstrances' of Basil the Macedonian, a treatise originally composed for the edification to perfection of a prince who ascended the throne of the Eastern Cæsars in the year 886! In the list are found works of the most varied character, ranging from the dry manuals of La Mothe le Vayer, the associate of Péréfixe, to the curiosity-provoking 'Codicilles de Louis XIII.,' a ponderous tome of more than one thousand pages, the exact date of whose composition is unknown, as is also the name of its author, his religion or irreligion, sanity or insanity. In the same catalogue are enrolled tragi-comedies, romances, picture-books, and even games with cards—not unlike our game of authors—in which illustrious and noble kings of France are invariably upon the winning side, while *les rois fainéants* and wicked as invariably lose.

The third chapter discusses at length the numerous charges of neglect and incompetency brought against Louis's instructors by St. Simon and others, and in his later years indirectly supported by Louis himself, who thought he had been deprived of forms of knowledge which *un honnête homme* should have. In view of the fact that the King's pride would naturally lead him to represent his greatness as self-acquired, and that the courtiers, to flatter the King and at the same time to vent their bitter hatred of Mazarin's memory, would humor the idea, our author rejects the charges, and, resting on the positive evidence of extant themes and exercises in Louis's own handwriting, asserts that it does not follow that his instructors voluntarily neglected his education; but that his education was essentially not a bookish one. Elsewhere is given a complete vindication of the personal activity of Mazarin.

Succeeding chapters deal with topics of no less interest and of even greater historical importance. It is shown that no influence over Louis's youth was more deep and lasting than the Queen-mother's. She developed the religious side of his nature, inculcating for holy things and religious practices a respect which was never shaken. She treated her son with a deferential tenderness which servile courtiers were prompt, in their own behavior, to debase into slavish obsequiousness. This, and the Queen's frequently expressed desire that he should reign as uncontested master—a desire enforced in practice by the passion and vindictiveness with which, in the days of the Fronde, she defended the independence of the crown and her son's authority—naturally led the King to magnify his rights at the expense of his duties. And so the boy who had one day written in his copy-book "L'hommage est deub aux roys, jls font ce qu'il leur plaist," tended more and more to adopt the maxim as a rule of life and power.

The influence of the Queen-mother and the court was supplemented by the practical teachings of Mazarin. He taught his aspiring pupil the lessons of statecraft and the art of ruling. At actual sessions of the council Louis was trained to solve actual problems of gradually increasing intricacy. The characteristic advice of the dying minister simply summarized the teachings of those daily private conferences to which, for years past, Cardinal and King had accustomed themselves: the King was to be sole minister, in all affairs of state he was to take unceasing personal action, he was to be King in function as well as in title. Mazarin had been dead a quarter of a century when the Venetian Ambassador wrote that "the spirit of Mazarin was still alive, that the minister was ruling from the depths of his tomb as formerly from his cabinet." On the whole, our author concludes, Mazarin was not unworthy of the glowing tribute of Péréfixe: "In truth, Monseigneur, I believe that there is nothing finer or more glorious for your Eminence; and I am mistaken if those who write the history of your life will not have trouble in finding a particular which better merits their eulogies than this."

Louis's mother had taught him piety and pride of place; Péréfixe, his preceptor, had bidden him rule as a second Henri IV.; Mazarin had given him political insight and practical training; the King's natural endowments made him a most apt pupil, and his personal experience, particularly during the wars of the Fronde—a topic to which M. Lacour-Gayet devotes a very valuable chapter—helped to repeat and emphasize their lessons. The whole drift of the times after the Fronde was towards absolutism. Louis's political ideas were of slow growth, it is true, but at the time of Mazarin's death they were fixed and were henceforth unchangeable.

Part II. is a very successful attempt to determine the elements of the political atmosphere of the epoch in France, as created by illustrious theologians, philosophers, and students of public law. Justice is done to the effect on the formulation of political

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theory of the Fronde, the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and the political revolution of 1688. Among the myriad of interesting and important facts which fill M. Lacour-Gayet's pages, there is one which should receive especial mention as of great interest to English readers—the effect of Hobbes's philosophy upon contemporaneous French thought. So far as we are aware, this topic has not yet been treated, at least with any fulness, by any author using an English pen. In general, we have here the result of solid scholarship, based on documentary sources inaccessible, for the most part, to all except those who pursue their researches in the Bibliothèque Nationale. The work abounds in skilful analyses and appreciations of contemporary authorship; and the diligent student can no more afford to neglect it than to pass over a recent English publication of a somewhat similar nature, in part—Mr. Gooch's 'History of English Democratic Ideas in the Seventeenth Century.' We await with interest the appearance of the additional work promised by the author.

The Merchant Prince of Cornville: A Comedy. By Samuel Eberly Gross. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co. 1899.

If originality consists in setting at defiance the elementary principles of any art, and in missing the purpose which a literary composition parades in its preface, "The Merchant Prince of Cornville" must indisputably be given a high place among the most original of recent dramatic productions. Without some such assumption as this in the popular mind, the presence of the words "Fourth Edition" on the title-page remains an unsolved enigma. It is the avowed intention of the author "to present the poetic and ideal in dramatic contrast with the materialistic and commonplace spirit"; in the execution of which design a tender maiden, when on the point of being sacrificed to a capitalist by her recklessly speculating uncle, is saved by a lucky turn in the stock market which enables the guardian to restore the squandered *dot*, and the girl to cleave to her ideal. A Philistine would promptly conclude that the victory is really won by the ideal—*plus* money. Thus much for materialism. As an offset to the positive and vulgar reality represented by capital with science and letters in its pay in the shape of a professor and a journalist, a poet (Ideal) is introduced in order to prove that "the love of a high-minded and refined woman can be gained only by appealing to her poetic fancy and finer sensibilities." The heroine of the play is, in this respect, singularly easily satisfied, unless we assume that Ideal is keeping back the best of his poetical treasures, for what maiden under the blue skies was ever successfully wooed with anything resembling such pipings as these?

"Give me the wings of yonder lark,
Soaring into the perfumed dawn
Beyond the chimney's beckoning spark
That, blackening, strews the beaten lawn.

"For I, within this tree immured,
With fervent glances scan the ships
That sail and sail until, obscured,
The ivory fleet the ocean dips;

"While swarms of white-winged memories,
Like missive-bearing doves, arise
From out the pure pellucid seas,
And float above these orchard skies."

Truly, the poet seems here to have taken his inspiration from Swift's "Love-song in the Modern Taste," or Macaulay's "Tears of Sensibility." What conceivable *sequitur* can connect a rhymester's uncomfortable (but voluntary) concealment in a hollow tree, and his desire to soar skywards on the wings of the lark? And from the last stanza he who reads may run.

The announcement of a play as a comedy usually prepares its readers for at least a minimum of comic effect. Now, though we readily admit that the sense of humor varies in quantity and quality with age, place, sex, and occasion, the triumph of the pun, cheap or labored, has never yet been deemed among the worthier efforts of the playwright. But "The Merchant Prince of Cornville" fairly bristles with puns. "This tree hath no tell-tale bark, and I'll stay here" (p. 15). "Oh! put me in a pillory, but put no pill in me. . . . Cæsar was stabbed by the iron daggers of the conspirators, but I am slugged by an iron bolus from the hands of my friends. This is ironical. Alas! I am a pundit; for as a typical representative of the pun, e'en while the iron was in my heart I have doubly punn'd it" (p. 38). "To see a flea, you must flee the sea—unless perchance you may see a deep-sea flea, such as I have at the bottom of my basket" (p. 56). Here and there, the characters strive after somewhat deeper-seated mirth than this. Thus, positive science is ridiculed in the professorial explanation of laughter as resulting from "the juxtaposition of two incongruous yet contemporaneous images in the mind, simultaneous with contrasting and varying pressures upon the electrically charged nerves"; the modern merchant, masquerading as a knight-errant, describes his feelings as those of a "rooster in an iron nightgown"; and the duellists in a "word combat," characteristically invented by the journalist, pepper each other with such explosives as "impecunious porcupine" and "hypothecated buzzard."

But, as comedy often professes to utter opinions on the realities of life and conduct, an occasional aphorism is thrown in by way of showing how far wisdom and truth have progressed in Cornville: "Dreams do not end but oft begin at dawn" (p. 22). "A child that never ventured in the field may know a blossom when it sees it" (p. 28). "Man is like a reversed vegetable that has swallowed its roots and walked off on its branches" (p. 46). "Romance that is not perpetual, but goes by fits and starts, is not worth the reality it feeds upon" (p. 51).

". . . While love is true,
Two doubles come, both blent in one, in love's
Bright mirror; but when falls the endearing bond
Of selfishness, the passions, then two natures
Rudely clash therein, and love sees double,
Like to an eye disordered" (p. 79).

It was from this play that the author of "Cyrano de Bergerac" was lately charged with having taken the suggestion for some of his most brilliant scenes.

Old Clocks and Watches and their Makers. With 400 illustrations. By F. J. Britten. London: B. T. Batsford; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1899.

Horology is here secondary to the ornamentation of time-pieces, including mechanical marionettes and the like. The illustrations are interesting and may be useful. The general history of the art is a good compilation of no extraordinary accuracy. For example, we read, "The earth performs its revolution round the sun in 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes, 49.7 seconds. No account was taken of the odd hours till the year B. C. 45." The time given is the tropical year, not the period of revolution of the earth. The second sentence should read: *Among the Romans* no *regular* account was taken of the difference between the year and 365 days, etc. It would be easy to give other examples.

One of the main features of the book is a list of some three thousand former clock and watch-makers, with brief notices of them. Here also faults abound. A brief cursory turning of the leaves has brought to notice the following: The Neguses of New York and the Bonds of Boston are overlooked. Jürgensen is uniformly printed without the umlaut; and the first watchmaker of the family, Jœrgen, is omitted, as well as Jules Frederik and Jœrgen Urban Frederik. Louis Urban is said to have been born in 1790, when (according to a right statement just above) his father was but fourteen years old. The true date is 1806. Heinrik Johannes Kessels, as eminent a clockmaker as Holland ever produced, is omitted. The celebrated Jobst Bürgi is entered thus: Burgi, J. (De Burgi or Burguis), Prague. The "Burguis" is evidently a corruption of the Latinized Byrgius. His much longer residence in Cassel is ignored. One of the familiar names of French horology is, in its place of entry, thrice printed Bréguet, though elsewhere correctly. The date of birth of the first Breguet is wrong, and the information about the last head of the private firm is very insufficient. That his nephew passes unnoticed is not a matter for complaint. Ferdinand Berthoud is said to have been born in 1745, instead of 1727, and Louis Berthoud is omitted. Jodin is called Jean, instead of Pierre, and a posthumous Paris reprint of his chief book is referred to where the Geneva original should have been cited. Both the dates attached to the name of Oronce Fine (printed Finé, by a common error) are wrong. Bourgeois, the maker, if not the inventor, of Vaucanson's duck, is not on the list, where we need hardly say that such names as Prasse and Steiner would be sought in vain. Of J. A. Lepante there is a nearly correct account, but no mention of his distinguished wife, brother, and two nephews. The authorship of the 'Mathematicæ Clavis' is attributed to Benjamin Oughtred, instead of to William, who was not a watchmaker. Sir G. B. Airy is said to have been appointed Astronomer Royal in 1855, when he had really occupied that post for nineteen years.

It is a pity the list should so swarm with faults; but they are almost insignificant compared with its positive merits. For London names, the records of the Clockmakers' Company have enabled Mr. Britten to make a close approach to completeness, although we are bound to note that we have met with one omission and one error in the account of an eminent family of London watchmakers. He seems to have diligently searched the London and Edinburgh Gazettes, and to have examined an incredible number of old time-pieces with unwearied assiduity. If the exercise of greater care to avoid erors would have had the effect of preventing the publication or even of greatly curtailing the list, we ought to be thankful for the carelessness, for facts substantially new are certainly more valuable than minute corrections of facts already collected, while one little correction will oftentimes involve an amount of labor that might, in a fresh field, have

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been utilized for the collection of ten facts quite unknown. How much easier it is to learn that there is a sun in the heavens than to ascertain its precise diameter in seconds, and how much more important that easily acquired knowledge!

The Story of Rouen. By Theodore Andrea Cook. Illustrated by Helen M. James and Jane E. Cook. London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: Macmillan. 1899.

This book irresistibly recalls Ben Jonson's line, "In small proportions we just beauties see," a saying which applies to products of the press as well as to human lives. When travelling, we visit a hundred towns, and by residence in a few of them gain some touch of the *genius loci*. Then we leave them, and in the course of years our first delightful impressions become a recollection rather than an active pleasure. But now and then we meet with a sympathetic sketch or description which brings back to us the old charm in something like its freshness. Many are the towns whose streets and towers cry aloud for a genuine historian and find him not. Fortunately, Rouen is no longer one of these. The little volume before us, by the skilfulness of its composition and the beauty of its illustrations, no less than by its association with a striking subject, makes the past live once more in fair or sombre but always vivid forms.

Rouen at once suggests Normandy, and Normandy in turn suggests the eleventh century, when warriors went forth from the lower Seine to conquer the Sicilies on the one hand and England on the other. Knowing as we do the fondness of the Normans for erecting monumental buildings, we should expect, *a priori*, that they would have decorated their capital with castles and cathedrals like those which they built under the shadow of Monte Pellegrino and in the great Palatine earldom of the north. But the architectural paradox is that the minor towns of Normandy still possess finer examples of the Norman Romanesque than Rouen itself. In leaving the régime of John for that of Philip Augustus, Mr. Cook says: "From a short survey of the town alone, no one who had never seen Caen or Coutances would imagine that he was in the duchy which possessed a school of architecture that was developed into Notre Dame in the Île de France, and into Durham . . . in England."

And yet for its buildings Rouen stands in the forefront of European towns. Who has not heard of its cathedral and the glorious St. Ouen and the Rue de la Grosse Horloge? Not only does it abound with Gothic churches, but also with the houses and mansions of the Renaissance. Mr. Cook, whose interests are at least half architectural, traces affectionately the origin of every prominent building in Rouen down to the beginning of the nineteenth century. After that time he finds "so little of distinction and so much of average merit that my story languishes beneath a load of bricks and mortar." In the last clause the author does himself scant justice, for at no point can the story be said to languish. Where architecture is not the ruling motive, history comes to the rescue, for the annals of Rouen are set thick with pieces of rapid and crowded action.

Although we are unable to give a detailed analysis of this beautiful volume, we must nevertheless reveal (so far as we can) the cause of its success in a few words. One element in the result may be brought out through the word of recognition which Mr. Cook pays to those veterans before him in the field, M. Floquet and M. Charles de Beaurepaire. "Both were scholars in the École des Chartes, the only school of accurate historical instruction in the world." Perhaps such a tribute is too terse for scrupulous accuracy, but it shows that Mr. Cook has proper standards, and when, immediately afterwards, he adds that his guides to "the principles of organized research" have been M. and Mme. Darmesteter, one can still further understand why his preliminary investigations have been so full. His style, too, is one of real literary merit, enriched by a wide range of reading, and alive with an attractive enthusiasm. Thirdly, we must mention the drawings of Mrs. Cook and Miss James, which have been reproduced in excellent illustrations. They recall the designs of M. Gaston Coindre for 'Mon Vieux Paris,' though they are, we should say, even more delicate than his.

From force of habit rather than any special sense of duty, we record one or two misprints, *e. g.*, p. 40, the date 1108 for the assembly at Lillebonne, and p. 104, the date 1141 instead of 1143 for the death of Ordericus Vitalis. On p. 80, Robert of Bellesme occurs instead of Belesme, as Mr. Cook, in accordance with general usage, ordinarily writes. We conclude by applying to this admirable sketch of town history (for it is in no sense a guide-book) a maxim of Rouen itself. The arms of the town are a lamb bearing a banner and with one of its front feet raised. Hence has come the local proverb, "L'Agneau de la ville a toujours la patte levée," which means that the Normans are great travellers. This municipal device should have been stamped on the cover of the book to signify that it deserves a wide circulation.

The Chronicle of the Discovery and Conquest of Guinea. Written by Gomes Eannes de Azurara; now first done into English by C. R. Beazley and E. Prestage. Vol. II. With an Introduction. London: Printed for the Hakluyt Society. 1899. [No. C.] 8vo.

The Hakluyt Society's hundredth volume contains the concluding chapters, 41-97, of the translation of Azurara's 'Chronicle of the Discovery and Conquest of Guinea.' To the ordinary reader it is interesting, not so much for the information given as for the naïve way in which the chronicler describes deeds of purest savagery. Though Prince Henry's aim in sending out these expeditions was to found a commercial and colonial empire for Portugal, his captains were chiefly bent on getting plunder and slaves. Azurara, however, sees in them God's agents in rescuing souls perishing in heathenism. Each successful raid on some wretched African village is regarded as a cause for devout thankfulness, while of those who were so fortunate as to escape from their brutal assailants he says, in one instance, "Oh, if only among those who fled there had been some little understanding of higher things. Of a surety I believe that the same haste which they showed in flying, they would then have made in coming to where they might have saved their souls and restored their affairs in this life." In his summary of the results of the voyages narrated by him, that on which he lays the chief stress is that 927 slaves have been brought to Portugal, of whom "the greater part were turned into the true path of salvation." The arrival of some of the caravels at the mouth of the Senegal, believed by the navigators of the fifteenth century to be one of the mouths of the Nile, is the occasion of some chapters full of curious lore in respect to this river.

The chronicle is rendered into excellent English. The notes are largely based on those of the Viscount Santarem. An introduction by Mr. Beazley is a scholarly account of Prince Henry's part in the exploration of the West African coast and of the maps and scientific geography up to and during his life. It sketches, besides, the history of Mohammedanism in Northern Africa and the status of that religion at the time of these voyages. The index would have been more useful had it contained references to all proper names, as Tider, Ergim, etc. There are reproductions of two interesting mediæval maps and a view of Prince Henry's statue at Belem.

Yale: Her Campus, Class-Rooms, and Athletics. By Lewis Sheldon Welch and Walter Camp. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. 1899.

Accepting the truth of the proverb that a little folly is relished occasionally by the wisest men, we may commend this book to Yale graduates. Every one knows the sentiment felt by students towards their college —a product of youthful enthusiasm, generous appreciation, venerable tradition, prevailing opinion, and subtle association. We know how deep it is and how shallow, and that its effusive display may be as sickening as its genuine outburst is exhilarating. We confess that we do not enjoy the high key in which this account of Yale is composed. To read page after page of strained laudation and glorification is wearisome to the most loyal graduate, if not to the more youthful student. It is well to be devoted to the alma mater, and at the proper time to express devotion; but to print a volume of this devotional matter is not in good taste.

Aside from form, the matter here presented is an epitome of college life. The customs, old and new; the follies, new only in their accidents; the local traditions and associations, are set forth here in interesting detail. There is a long account of the cultivation of athletics, with many columns of records of interclass and intercollegiate contests—figures as fascinating to many, no doubt, as they are repellent to others. There are chronologies of the different schools or colleges, tables of attendance, lists of donations, records of appointments and publications. Perhaps the most useful part of the book is that entitled "The Yale Class-Rooms," in which particular accounts are given of buildings and of the curricula therein pursued. Much information is here compacted, and some of it well prepared and arranged. In short, the book is a kind of encyclopædia of Yale, containing much that her sons will take delight in reading, omitting somewhat of matter worthy to be recorded, and suffering from the inevitable corpulency attending the encyclopædic habit. But the printers and binders have done their work well, and the blue and gold of the cover makes a brave showing.

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BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Beman, Prof. W. W., and Smith, D. E. New Plane and Solid Geometry. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Bertheroy, Jean. Le Journal de Marguerite Plantin. Paris: Colin & Cie.
Broughton, Rhoda. The Game and the Candle. Appletons.
Cameron, Robert. The First Epistle of John. Philadelphia: Baptist Publication Society. $1.25.
Carruth, Hayden. Mr. Milo Bush, and Other Worthies. Harpers. $1.
Coulter, Prof. J. M. Plant Relations. A First Book of Botany. Appletons. $1.10.
Crowley, Aleister. Jephthah, and Other Mysteries, Lyrical and Dramatic. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.
Deluscar, Horace. Merris, and Other Poems. London: Gay & Bird.
Deschamps, Gaston. Le Malaise de la Démocratie. Paris: Colin & Cie.
Douglas, R. K. China. [Story of the Nations.] Putnams. $1.50.
Espanet, O., and Sharpe, Capt. H. G. Supply of an Army during Active Operations. Kansas City: Hudson-Kimberly Co. $1.50.
Faguet, Emile. Flaubert. [Les Grands Ecrivains Français.] Paris: Hachette; New York: Dyrsen & Pfeiffer.
Given, Welker. A Further Study of the Othello. New York: Shakespeare Press. $3.
Hazen, M. W. First Book in Spelling. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Knopf, Dr. S. A. Pulmonary Tuberculosis. Philadelphia: P. Blakiston's Son & Co. $3.
Leading Persons and Periods in English Church History. Milwaukee: Young Churchman Co. $1.
Moore, Edward. Studies in Dante. Second Series. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde.
Mott, E. H. The Story of Erie. New York: J. S. Collins.
Naurouze, Jacques. Séverine. Paris: Colin & Cie.
Paget, Rev. F. P. An Introduction to the Fifth Book of Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde.
Ragg, F. W. King Alfred's Dreams, and Other Poems. London: Rivingtons.
Ransome, Stafford. Japan in Transition. Harpers. $3.
Read, Capt. G. W. The Automatic Instructor. A Practical System for Home Study. Kansas City: Hudson-Kimberly Co. 75c.
Steffens, Mrs. Josephine B. Letitia Berkeley, A.M. A Novel. F. A. Stokes Co. $1.75.
Steward, T. G. A Charleston Love Story. F. T. Neely.
Sylva, Carmen. Le Hêtre Rouge. Meyer Bros. & Co.
The Letters of Capt. Dreyfus to his Wife. Harpers. $1.
Weise, Prof O. Schrift- und Buchwesen in Alter und Neuer Zeit. Leipzig: B. C. Teubner.

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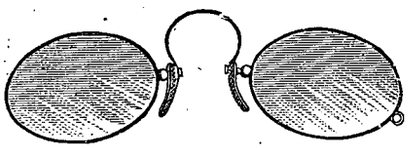

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